ne A-Bomb for Civil Defense

The Reporter

April 17, 1951

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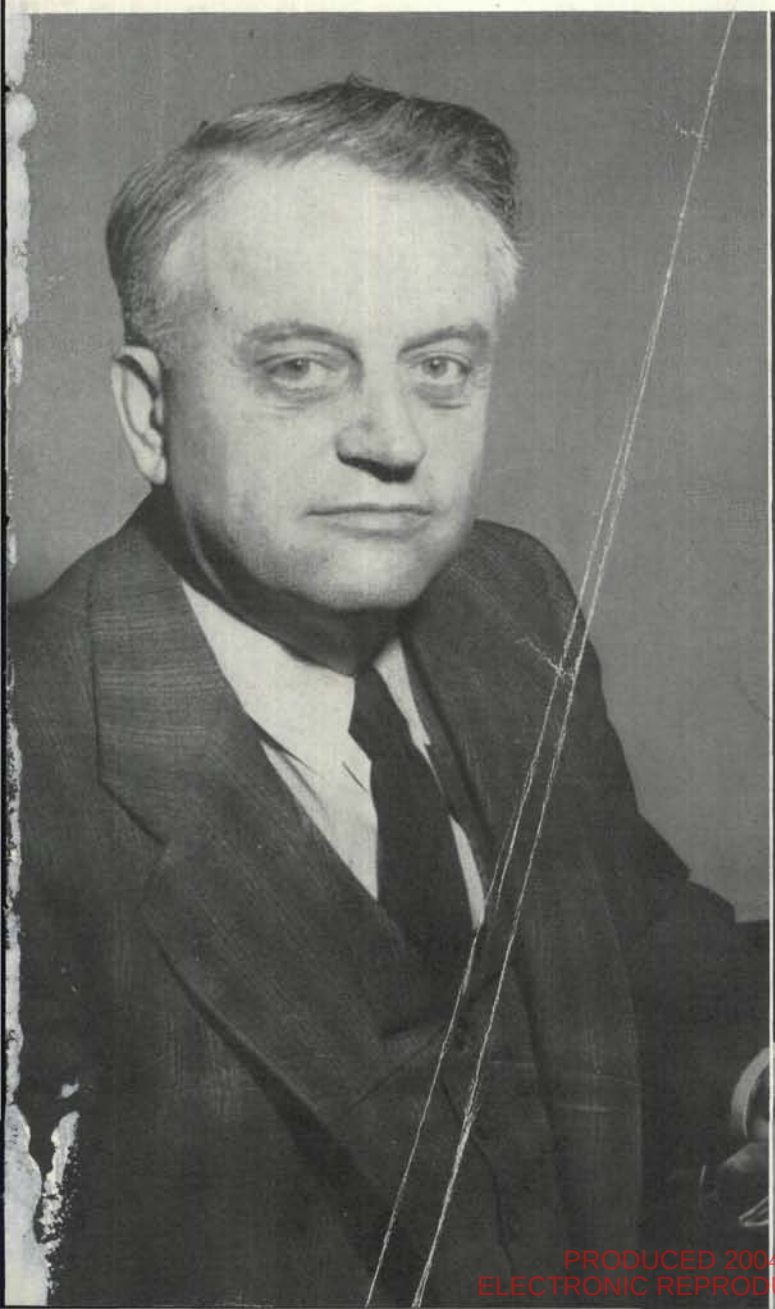
HERRY OF NEBRASKA

DOUGLAS OF ILLINOIS



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'Another black market in meat? It's already here.'
(See page 14)

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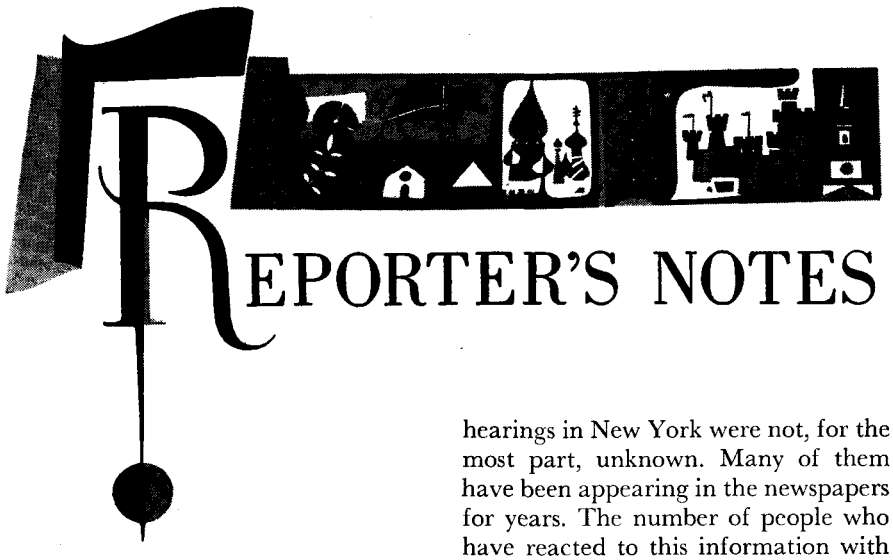

REPORTER'S NOTES

Revulsion Against Whom?

"New York City has at last become a small town.

"Frank Costello, Bill O'Dwyer, Virginia Hill—and Television—changed it."

This is the breathless beginning of a column by Earl Wilson, who covers Broadway for a large number of newspapers. Wilson went on:

"For a week, 'The Costello Story,' subtitled 'Guys & Molls,' has made us New Yorkers as gossipy as villagers."

Wilson concluded his remarks about the hearings of the Senate Crime Investigating Committee in New York on a note of mixed delight and morality:

". . . a small town's a place where everybody minds everybody else's monkey business.

"That's what us small town New Yorkers have been titillated by. More Investigations, please!"

On its editorial page, the New York *Post*, one of Wilson's outlets, said: ". . . no one who cares about New York can feel anything except revulsion and anger over many of the big acts in the drama." But we are afraid that Wilson's titillation may be as widespread as the editorial's gloom. In fact, at the bar where we watched most of the proceedings, we got the impression that William O'Dwyer could run for mayor of New York and pile up a bigger vote than he did in 1945 or in 1949. (Remember James Curley's narrow defeat for mayor of Boston after a term in jail for mail fraud.)

The facts brought out during the hearings in New York were not, for the most part, unknown. Many of them have been appearing in the newspapers for years. The number of people who have reacted to this information with "revulsion and anger" may be no larger than the total anti-O'Dwyer vote in 1949, which, it will be remembered, was not enough to defeat O'Dwyer. ("Don't be a Boy Scout," the men in the bars told you, if you admitted that you were going to vote for his principal opponent, Newbold Morris.)

It is true, of course, that the television shows have dramatized the whole story and that Senator Kefauver's committee brought to light, if not new facts, at least new accusations. But, for some people, the television shows merely emphasized Bill O'Dwyer's charm, Frank Costello's glamour, and Virginia Hill Hauser's superb characterization of a gangster's moll. When politics descends to personalities—as it does on television—the ward heeler may have an advantage over the Boy Scout, unless, of course, the Boy Scout happens to be Fiorello LaGuardia.

Will there be revulsion? Will there be anger? Let's work hard for it—not count on it.

Good Neighborhood Again

The meeting of the Foreign Ministers of the American republics has at long last put our hemispheric policy on the front page. In the past few months several of our amateur strategists have actually been casting their eye on Latin America, to find an escape there from world responsibilities.

For too many years we have had a tendency to forget about Latin America when things go well, and to plunge into binges of good neighborliness whenever we get into serious international troubles. It's a very dangerous tendency, which our Latin-American friends resent bitterly. Our European allies are afraid that we might think them expendable; our Latin-American neighbors think that we consider them dispensable.

It's a good thing that as the conference of American Foreign Ministers opened, everyone could still remember the wise words that Assistant Secretary Miller said about Perón and the way he treated *La Prensa*. The people who trust us and whom we can trust in Latin America have too often been disturbed both by our recurrent absentmindedness about their countries and by the support that our government, particularly during the last war, is reputed to have given to some of the most objectionable Latin-American régimes.

The bare truth is that there is a great deal of mushiness and cloudiness in all this good-neighbor talk. For one thing, we are not neighbors of the Latin-American countries, neither culturally nor economically nor, as far as the most important of them are concerned, geographically. Those Latin Americans who are not professional sycophants of the United States know this. They are close to us, with the obvious reservations of every self-respecting foreigner, just as any people who believe in the ideals of the Declaration of Independence are close to us.

Let's hope and pray that we don't start cultivating the vanity of petty Latin-American dictators (each "a great leader of a great people") as we did last time. But we should follow up the best that our government did in Latin America then, and that represents the only concrete experience we have gained for Point Four.

During the last war practically every Latin-American ruler got his state reception in Washington, and his doctor's degree from one of our great universities. Included among them was General Peñaranda, a crude soldier who was for some time President of Bolivia. His mother, a poor peasant woman, could not get over the surprise that he had climbed so high. "If I had known that he was going to become President," she is supposed to have said, "I would have sent him to school."

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Correspondence

On Gayelord Hauser

To the Editor: Although I fully enjoyed Spencer Klaw's article on Gayelord Hauser, I must admit that I felt a bit let down because the text did not explain the illustrations. Just what is the meaning of the pointing fingers? The symbolism, if any, eludes me.

Another thing: It seemed to me that Klaw, in exposing diet faddism, should give credit where credit is due. It is as though he groups all nutritional foods and their consumers in the Hauser cult. Long before Hauser started singing the praises of yogurt, its merits had been recognized by Europeans . . . and not "only by Bulgarians and Bernard Baruch" as Klaw erroneously claims. Maybe Klaw doesn't like yogurt, but please let's not let him get by with giving Hauser the credit for discovering its benefits and delights.

FRANCES HARDEN
Jackson Heights, New York

[*The "pointing fingers" are Artist Osborn's satiric contribution. They undoubtedly refer to the most famous pair of hands in all art, showing God's touch giving life to Adam in Michelangelo's "Creation" frescoes on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.—The Editors*]

Appeal Unto Caesar

To the Editor: In *The Reporter's* Notes for April 3, 1951, the sentence "We may now and then rub elbows with an underworld character or even have some little business with him, when we are forced into a deal that we wouldn't want to brag about" reminded me of an episode I had managed to forget for a dozen years.

Some time a little after Munich, I found myself in the market for a commodious automobile in the fifty-dollar price class.

Such a vehicle, a seven-passenger 1930 Packard, was advertised as being available for this price at what I shall call the Inflexible Storage Warehouse, in the old Hell's Kitchen district of New York. The car was there indeed, but in the basement. Although the building was ten stories high and seemed to house a fairly big enterprise, only a weak flashlight served for basement illumination, so that all I could tell of the Packard was that it was big and blue. At least four other cars, none of them more than nine inches apart in any direction, lay between it and the freight elevator, so I left three dollars (all I trusted myself to carry while just looking) as a deposit, with the understanding that I should be able to make an inspection aboveground the following day.

The day arrived and so did I, carrying the balance of forty-seven dollars plus city sales tax. The Packard, now that I could see it, was still big and blue, but it had little else to recommend it. The tires were more shredded than treaded; it leaked a variety of liquids and greases; the leatherette top was open to the elements. Without even bothering to look at the engine, I politely asked for the return of my three-dollar deposit.

Just as politely, I was asked to step into the office to see the Boss. Then the atmosphere changed suddenly. I noticed at least a dozen "salesmen" lounging around—surely too many for a warehouse with only a side-line business in used cars. One salesman, a sharply dressed, hard-bitten type, spoke to me out of the right side of his mouth without removing a cigarette from the left: "Come across, Buddy! D'you tink we'd boddeh tuh raise dat heap fer tree bucks?" Whereupon several of his colleagues approached me, their hands elaborately in their pockets.

I experienced an immediate total recall of all the gangster movies I'd ever seen. My best at brazening the situation out was to squeak, "I came here to see the Boss."

"I'm the Boss!" roared a man at the only desk in the room. Six feet four and burly, he would have impressed me anywhere; at Inflexible he was overwhelming. "Come on and pay up, like a good fellow. Miss Davis, give Mr. Slade his bill of sale."

Still demurring, I was given a little respite by a hapless family who were entering a more voluntary agreement than mine. The Boss told me to step aside like a good fellow while he attended to them, and for their benefit the odd-looking salesmen, with an obvious effort, managed to look a little less menacing.

The family left, and again I was the only customer. "Aw, let him see the Big Boss," said the Boss. Two of his staff propelled me across a corridor to a quiet office whose sole occupant was a dark, well-groomed, middle-aged man in a blue pinstripe. "Tell your story to Mr. Costello," one of them said.

The name meant nothing to me, a *Times* reader in early 1939, but under the circumstances I couldn't help receiving an impression of power and ruthlessness. Of the great man's words I can remember only that they were few, calm, and negative. I do remember returning to the Boss, signing the bill of sale (duly notarized by one of the staff), and handing over my little hoard. Then I was led, half stumbling, to the Packard, which three warehousemen obligingly pushed for me until it started, and I drove off down Tenth Avenue amid cheers from the Inflexibles and a cloud of blue smoke from the antique.

The Packard actually negotiated the ten blocks to the nearest storage lot, where I got twelve dollars for it as junk. Since then I have had a checking account, in case I should want to stop payment on an item from one of Mr. Costello's "legitimate" enterprises. I only hope he doesn't own the bank.

S. L. SLADE
New York Ctiy

Contributors

W. McNeil Lowry covers Washington for the Dayton *Daily News* . . . . **Richard Cope** is the pseudonym of a Washington journalist . . . . **William S. Fairfield** writes a farm column for several Midwestern newspapers . . . . **Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber** is a French journalist who recently resigned from *Le Monde* because of his disagreement with that paper's neutralist views . . . . **J. R. Pecheral** reports on Great Britain for a number of continental publications . . . . **Henri Marche** is the pseudonym of a prominent Frenchman who has had long experience with the problems of French Communism . . . . **Alain Clément** writes on Germany for *Le Monde* . . . . **Ignazio Silone** is known for his novels *Fontamara, Bread and Wine,* and *The Seed Beneath the Snow,* and for his leadership among Italian Socialists . . . . **Ernest Leiser** is bureau chief of the Overseas News Agency in Frankfurt . . . . **Charles Wertenbaker's** excellent article on Spain—"Franco: Fascism and Futility"—was a feature of the June 20, 1950, issue of *The Reporter* . . . . **R. E. Lapp,** author of *Must We Hide?,* has held several positions in the government's atomic-energy program . . . . **James Thurber's** most recent book is *The 13 Clocks* . . . . **Robert Lasch** is on the staff of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* . . . . Cover photographs from **Harris & Ewing;** inside cover photographs from **Black Star.**

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The Reporter
A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

April 17, 1951 Volume 4, No. 8

Washington: Spring, 1951

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Editor & Publisher: Max Ascoli; *Assistant Editor:* Philip Horton; *Managing Editor:* Robert S. Gerdy; *Copy Editors:* Al Newman, William Knapp; *Art Editor:* Reg Massie; *Staff Writers:* Robert K. Bingham, Douglass Cater, Richard A. Donovan, Claire Neikind, Gouverneur Paulding.

General Manager: Raymond Frankel; *Production Manager:* Anthony J. Ballo; *Circulation Manager:* Albert Charles Simonson.

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Editorial

Congress on the Spot

Congressional investigations; tie-ups between politicians and crooked business; debates, great or small; rumors about the kitchen cabinet in the White House—haven't we heard it all? Before Kefauver there was Tom Walsh, of Teapot Dome memory—and so many other prosecutors of public evil; before McCarthy there was Huey Long—and so many other demagogues. Lulled by the feeling that everything that happens has happened before, the public can at the same time accept the exposures without alarm and enjoy the day-by-day thrills to the last drop.

In this familiar atmosphere of hazy memories and seasonal excitement, our politics and politicians thrive. The ritual of electioneering has, to all appearances, become part of our unwritten constitution. At about this time, a year and a half before the Presidential election, the politicians begin training for the Nebraska and Wisconsin primaries; the candidates for the Republican nomination start collecting convention delegates from the Southern states; "sentiment" is cultivated for the various hopefuls. Eventually, the two conventions meet; the nomination speeches close with the age-old bellow "There is a man. . . ."; then the uproarious applause, and the parade round and round.

We have had this system, with hardly any changes, for over a century—an ever-recurring cycle of political apathy and routinized frenzy. Meanwhile the nation, which used to be beyond the reach of any outside attack, has become the ultimate target of a remorseless enemy. From a debtor it has become *the* creditor nation. From an appendage of Europe it has become the heart of the western world. Yet the singsong of American politics seems to proceed according to its immemorial rhythm, unchanged and, according to the political operators, unchangeable.

The Senator from Maine and Spain

All this is on the surface of American politics. Underneath things are moving at an extraordinary speed, and the men in Congress know, or at least feel, it. This doesn't make them comfortable. They act and orate as they and their predecessors always have, but they cannot help sensing that their audience has become immeasurably enlarged, far beyond the borders of our nation. They cannot help operating on uncharted ground, for nobody knows now the boundary line between domestic and foreign policy, where strategy ends and diplomacy begins. And yet they have to make up their minds and say something—if for no other reason than to keep up their prestige with the people back home. What is even worse, every Congressman has to reach decisions affecting the lives of people who cannot be reached by his local political machine and whose babies he cannot kiss.

Some Congressmen—particularly Senators—have got around the extraordinary enlargement of their actual, if not voting, constituencies by adopting a foreign country or foreign government. Isolationism seems to have vanished, and Senator Taft and Mr. Hoover have every right to disclaim that label, for, with the possible exception of ex-Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy, even the most hardened former isolationists are now patronizing marginal allies.

Unfortunately, the world is likely to rate us by the company we keep. U.S. Senators who have chosen to represent Franco's Spain or Chiang's Formosa as well as Maine or Nevada feel compelled not only to welcome strange military allies but to endorse their political records. The Franco lovers would not quite recommend to the people of Maine and Nevada the same kind of régime that the Spaniards endure, and certainly the Congressmen who favor assisting Tito do not exalt his brand of Communism. But the "realists" think that the end justifies any means and any partners—an attitude not very different from that of the politicians who welcome and reward the support given them by underworld magnates. There is a "singular affinity," to use a McCarthyan expression, between the bulk purchase of votes and the bulk purchase of mercenaries.

On the other side, there are many men in our Congress and in our public life who prefer to adopt the ruggedly democratic people of Europe, and, more particularly, the European parties that stand against both Communist subversion and fascist reaction. These Americans know that we can repel the aggression of Communist Russia only if we es-

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tablish a system of popular alliances, based on the support of the foreign people whom we lead and who will ultimately have to pass judgment on our leadership. We are in a coalition and we can win only as a coalition. Is it going to be based on popular alliances, or on satellite-mercenaries?

In spite of the confusion in our debates, this issue is emerging in all its clarity. Perhaps some of the confusion comes from the fact that we don't know whether we are in for what is called the long pull—an emergency of unlimited duration—or whether an all-out effort may not suddenly be required. For the long pull, only a system of popular alliances could make our coalition invincible, while in case of an all-out war the support of marginal allies may become tempting. Even a Senator like Paul Douglas has given into the temptation of "realism," and, probably fearing the immediacy of total war, has advocated alliance with the most distasteful co-belligerents—a sin for which he was more than duly punished when *Life* nominated him for Secretary of State.

The Politician's Lot

It is quite a new thing in America—this internal political battle waged with foreign targets and foreign banners. Yet it concerns the freedom and the well-being of the American people just as much, to say the very least, as the old political battles about the Cross of Gold or States' Rights.

Until recently—until the beginning of this era of no war, no peace—American politics was insulated against the politics of other democratic countries. Shamelessly pragmatic in tackling the very concrete problems of electioneering, getting out the vote, dividing the spoils, and rewarding loyalty, our party system remained stubbornly untheoretical and self-sufficient. It worked amazingly well in dealing with American problems, establishing compromises among conflicting regional or occupational interests, for the exclusive concern of the American people.

Now since we are in a coalition and we know that we cannot survive alone, the freedom and welfare of foreign countries have become just as vital to the people of America as wage stabilization and price control. American politics has become so intermeshed with the politics of other countries that the favorite targets of our anti-liberals are the democratic countries of Europe, and a return to the McKinley era seems to be guaranteed if only Chiang Kai-shek is helped to reconquer China. Actually, the foreign preferences of the American politician give a clue to the aims of his internal policies.

The great question of our time is whether America will foster throughout the world its own urge for self-determination and self-improvement, or whether America will gradually be reduced to the level of a world where freedom has utterly disappeared from large countries and is threatened in many others. The day is certainly coming when these alternatives must be clearly presented to the American electorate.

This basic question and many related ones make life miserable for American Congressmen. They are on the spot; they have to make decisions for which they have little preparation or precedent. The ceremonial of American politics seems to be so archaic and immutable; its radically changed substance compels Congress to face the unknown every day. Congressmen must remember that something like a television machine is in front of them all the time and that a malevolent world-wide power is constantly tinkering with the receiving sets in faraway countries, trying to make American leaders look absurd and beastly. To make the situation tougher, Congressmen cannot lose touch with the folks back home, for these people, and not the foster constituents abroad, are the ones who deliver the vote.

The Jackpot

Our bedeviled legislators can find at least one familiar principle of national politics that, as recent events have proved, has not changed and is not likely to change: In our country, there are often extravagant rewards for any politician strong enough to follow the path of character and integrity.

The success story of Paul Douglas is a case in point, particularly striking since Douglas has done what every liberal Senator should do—he has proved that a liberal does not have to be dogmatic, wild-eyed, or reckless with the taxpayers' money. When an obscure Senator from Missouri showed fairness and efficiency in running a wartime investigation committee, he received such acclaim that all his previous associations with his state political machine were gladly forgotten, and in a few years he reached the Presidency. Certainly no deal with powerful kingmakers of the underworld or the overworld could ever have made Estes Kefauver the towering national figure he is today.

We are still that strange nation where, in public life, virtue somehow, pays.

Friends and critics of our country—take note.

—MAX ASCOLI

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Douglas of Illinois, Liberal with a Difference

At 6:05 A.M. last October 30, fifteen minutes before sunrise, a Ford station wagon stopped before the Caterpillar tractor plant in Peoria, Illinois, and a huge, shaggy man mounted the tailgate.

"Friends!" he shouted through a portable microphone. "Isn't it surprising that men will die overseas for a privilege which millions of people fail to exercise at home?"

Senator Paul H. Douglas, Democrat of Illinois, was back on the hustings, from which he had garnered a majority of 407,228 votes in 1948. This time he was one of the mainstays in the doomed campaign of his colleague, Scott W. Lucas, then the Senate Democratic Majority Leader. Douglas had combed Chicago for Lucas for ten days without endorsing the city ticket, and had informed the Cook County organization he would not be back before Election Day. Since October 12 he had made 353 speeches downstate.

As I watched from beside the station wagon, one of the crowd of men streaming to work walked over to Douglas and shook his hand. "Keep it up, old boy," he said; "you're the only damn politician that will come to a plant gate."

The man who leaned down to receive this accolade is a former University of Chicago professor, a past president of the American Economic Association, an authority on the theory of wages in the modern economy, a Quaker, and a wounded and decorated Marine war veteran. Except for the last, any one of these things is enough to ruin a man for election to the United States Senate. The Douglas unorthodoxy is that he is what he is—and also one of the most potent political campaigners in either party.

His Senatorial seniors were deeply respectful of his thumping majority when Douglas took his seat in January, 1949. But there had been other academics in the Senate (though none who had enlisted in the Marines at the age of fifty), and many of his colleagues expected the new Senator from Illinois, after a decent interval, to get up and lecture the boys.

Douglas waited only until March 17, when the Senate was locked in a fight over amending the cloture rule as a curb to filibusters. (The debate ended, as always, by making the limitation of debate more rather than less difficult.) As a freshman Senator with some sense of modesty, Douglas said, he had not planned to speak for some time, and then only on "substantive questions,"

but he felt compelled to speak because the proposed amendment requiring sixty-four votes for cloture would, he felt, be used to kill much legislation in which he believed and for which the country had voted in 1948.

This introduction raised the second apprehension held by many of Douglas's senior colleagues, which had been originally fostered by the Illinois candidate's close association with the strategy of Americans for Democratic Action at the 1948 Philadelphia convention. Here was a new voice in the Senate, and it was not only that of a professor but of an ideological liberal. That he was a vote getter made his presence even more nerve-wracking.

But on that day in 1949, this junior Senator from Illinois made some kind of a record for a freshman member of the country's most exclusive club. Prodding to their feet the Southern and Mountain State Senators, he good-humoredly told these gentlemen that although their constituencies represented only thirty-five per cent of the national population and one-fifth of Federal revenues, these Senators controlled half the Senate and all but one of the Senate's standing committees. They should not, he said, press the Northern and Midwest Democrats, who were even then "suppressed classes and second-class citizens," too hard.

When Douglas's interrogation had torn away the cloture-rule issue to expose the real question of civil-rights legislation beneath it, the *de facto* leader of the Southern Democrats and the Senate's ablest parliamentarian, Richard B. Russell of Georgia, made one of his rare excursions into floor debate. Did not Douglas know, Russell asked, that "one of the most controversial of all the civil-rights measures is that which seeks to abolish segregation of the races?"

"The Senators from the South," Douglas answered, "are seeing ghosts. We do not want to impose rules against segregation on the South. We want to help the people of the South, black as well as white. Speaking for myself, I believe that so far as providing jobs is concerned, so far as a chance to earn a living is concerned, it should

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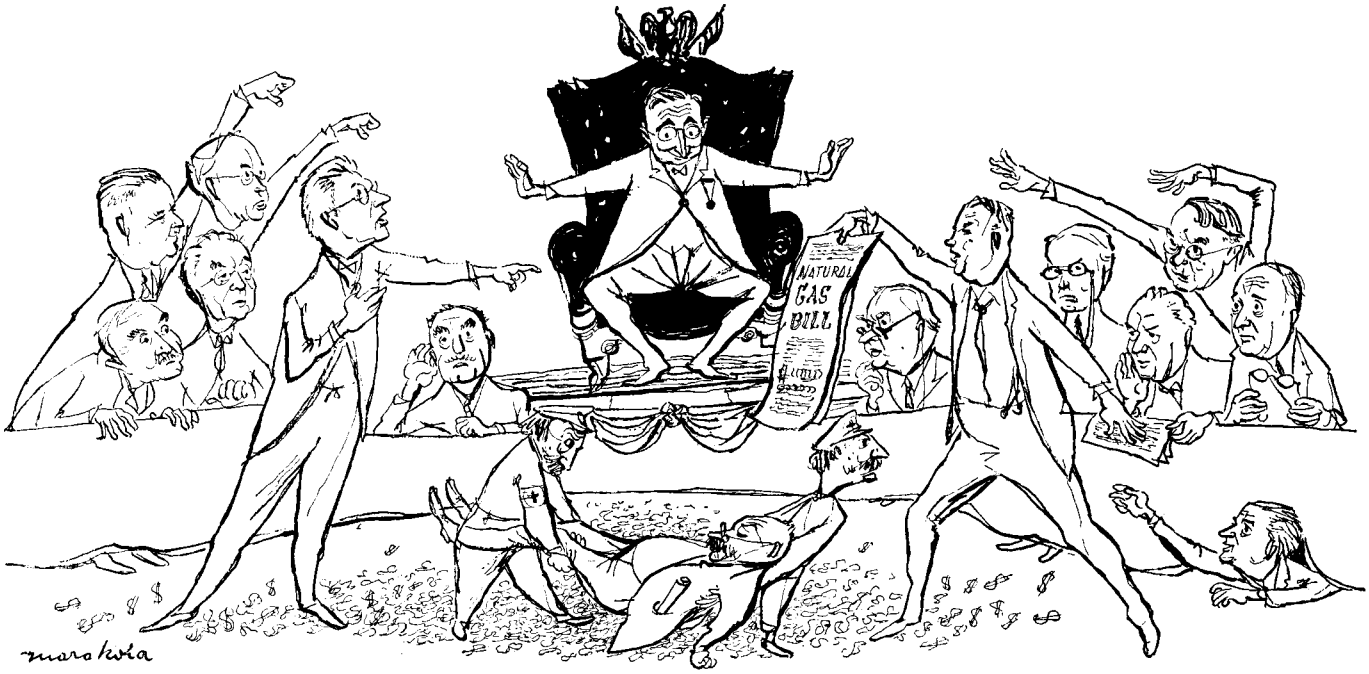

not be denied to any man because of his race, his creed, or his color. He should have a chance to develop in industry according to his ability. I am not insisting, however, that in the social relations which men have with each other they must be forced to mingle. That is an individual matter, and, in many cases, a matter for local decision."

Then, turning the tables on Russell, he asked the Senator from Georgia whether he would deny on the grounds of color an American's right to fight and die for his country. The Democrat from Illinois and the Democrat from Georgia thereupon jointly repudiated such an idea. But Russell maintained that those who promoted the Truman civil-rights program, even if it were truly as limited as Douglas described it, would follow its successful enactment with other bills "in their effort to destroy the segregation of the races in the South.

"But if the [Democratic] platform were all construed as the Senator from Illinois is construing it," Russell added, "I should feel much better about the future."

Said Douglas: "I think it is a mistake to refuse to take a step which is good because one thinks it may lead in the future to something one does not like. Let us legislate on the proximate issues which are before us, and not trouble ourselves with the hobgoblins of what may happen sixty or one hundred years in the future. There are some things, Mr. President, that our children and our grandchildren can settle for themselves."

On one wall in the office of the Senator from Illinois are four portraits. One is of John Peter Altgeld, the radical printer who became governor of Illinois. One is of Jane Addams of Hull House. The third is of "Old Bob" La-Follette of Wisconsin. The fourth is of George Norris of Nebraska.

Douglas's political and moral interests reflect the activities of all four, but it is Norris, the political independent, who was the Illinois Senator's model when he came to Congress. Douglas's political independence is of a very personal nature. His thirty-five-day stumping tour for the ill-fated Scott Lucas in 1950 revealed how completely he assumes his obligations to his party, but it was equally characteristic that he refused to endorse Dan ("Tubbo") Gilbert, the Chicago organization's dubious candidate for sheriff of Cook County, spent twenty-five of the thirty-five days campaigning downstate, and cut the weeping Gilbert dead at Democratic headquarters in Chicago on election night.

In Washington, Douglas, though a Northern liberal from a highly important state, has existed in an atmosphere of almost complete ignorance so far as White House and Democratic National Committee strategy is concerned. His closest Senatorial associates—Humphrey of Minnesota, Lehman of New York, Murray of Montana, Sparkman of Alabama—have often worked without lines to Mr. Truman, but not always through choice. The question of who is influencing the President on what legislative issue is apparently considered by the Senator from Illinois to be not only outside his proper scope but completely without interest.

When the Senate Banking and Currency subcommittee study of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation involved Douglas in the subject of favoritism and influence on the Potomac, he reacted painfully. Brought into public conflict with Mr. Truman on the quesion of whether favoritism and influence were being brought to bear on the RFC board of directors, Douglas stood behind the subcommittee report and said yes, he thought they were.

The tiff over the RFC report merely confirmed White House suspicions of Paul Douglas. A Democratic liberal who does not toe the Truman line one hundred per cent is a suspicious character. What is he out to prove, anyway?—unless he wants to be President, and that would explain everything. It explains nothing about Douglas, who early in his Senatorial career called for cutting down annual and sick leave for some two million Federal jobholders. This political aberration confused the Truman lieutenants no end. "I can't figure Paul Douglas out," one of them

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said to me in the Senator's first year. "Douglas makes sense on everything but economics," said another about a year later.

Aside from teaming up with Senator J. William Fulbright of Arkansas to try to straighten out the RFC, Douglas has split with the Administration chiefly over Secretary of the Treasury John Snyder's preference for low and (Douglas thinks) inflationary Federal interest rates, and over the Truman attitude toward an annually balanced budget. Douglas chaired a joint Congressional subcommittee in 1949 which unanimously endorsed the principle of debt reduction in prosperous years and deficit spending in years of depression.

"I do not think liberalism has to be identified with waste," Douglas says, "and I think it will be a sorry day for the Democratic Party when the identification can fairly be made." In 1950, when offering an itemized list of cuts totaling $3.1 billion—and stepping on the toes of many constituents in specifying the reductions—he was seeking to find $400 million each for housing, education, and health measures. It is this spectacle of a Fair Dealer proving himself a budget cutter that has confounded his more conservative colleagues.

Norris of Nebraska himself never frayed more Senatorial tempers than did Douglas when the Kerr-Thomas natural-gas bill reached the Senate a year ago in March. It is a rare occurrence when Senate debate actually changes the outcome of a major legislative issue. It is unprecedented when that debate is led by a freshman Senator.

Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn and the two Oklahoma Senators, Robert Kerr and Elmer Thomas, in 1948 had the assurance of President Truman that their sticking with the Fair Deal on the regulation of electric power in the Southwest would be rewarded by a compromise on Federal supervision of natural-gas rates. It was with the most favorable prospects that Kerr in 1950 introduced a bill exempting from Federal Power Commission regulation the natural gas sold by a producer at the source.

Douglas first read the bill only out of conscientiousness, but it led to his studying the committee hearings. If it was true that the President approved this measure, he decided, then the Fair Deal was being shoved off its ideological base. Douglas set to work to shove it back again. For two weeks he and his staff studied reports on the oil-and-gas industry and prepared charts showing that the Kerr bill would exempt from regulation companies owning eighty-six per cent of the

Southwest's known gas reserves. The absence of competition in such giant fields as the Panhandle and Hugoton ones meant, in effect, that the price of gas in interstate commerce would be subject to monopolistic control if the bill passed.

While allies on both sides of the aisle preceded Douglas in the formal debate, he was on his feet constantly, passing ammunition in the nature of rough totals for the detailed production and pricing statistics he himself was to use. By the day set for his own speech, the Democratic National Committee—and Senators from the North, the Middle West, and the Far West—were already getting telegrams from mayors, labor unions, consumer organizations, and other groups. Douglas held the floor for two days, subjected to such brutal cross-examination from Kerr that he once likened himself to a prisoner in the dock. And while he spoke, the National Committee was working behind the scenes. Douglas had demonstrated that the regulation of natural gas in interstate commerce was one of the issues beloved of the Democratic Party since 1933. Kerr saw his bill pass the Senate by six votes, only to be vetoed in the White House.

A few days after the veto message, in an interchange on the Senate floor, Kerr, a Baptist, asked Douglas, a Quaker, whether he considered himself to be Jesus Christ. The Senator from Oklahoma did not use precisely those words, but he left no doubt as to his query.

It happens that the answer to that question is "No." But the question, or variants of it, is going to be raised frequently.

In the first place, if one excepts Huey Long, Douglas has broken all modern precedents as a first-term member of the nation's highest legislative body. In a notable freshman class, including Kefauver of Tennessee, Lyndon Johnson of Texas, Kerr, Humphrey of Minnesota, Russell Long of Louisiana, and Lehman of New York, Douglas has attracted the most attention. And yet the only public office he had previously held was that of Chicago alderman. Kerr and Lehman had been governors, Humphrey a mayor, Kefauver and Johnson members of the House, and Long his father's son.

It is significant that the realm in which Douglas has recently gained most national attention—foreign policy—is one in which he did not intrude himself until almost the eve of the present session of Congress. Though publicly critical of many of the State Department's policies and not even a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, he took the floor last January 15 for an exhaustive attack on the Hoover-Taft approach to the foreign-policy debate. When the Mutual Broadcasting System offered time on February 16 for an answer to Hoover's second speech, it was Douglas who represented Hoover's opponents. It is inconceivable that the State Department was not asked to make the selection. Douglas was then being freely suggested as a successor to Secretary Acheson, one of the suggestions coming from the former Republican national chairman, Hugh Scott, Jr. (Douglas considered the idea "impossible" from his own point of view, let alone from Harry Truman's.)

As a liberal Democrat with a 407,000 majority in the key state of Illinois, Douglas, after the 1948 election, got the standard treatment from the party bigwigs, which is to implant in the mind of the political comer the insidious idea that he will be groomed for the Presidency. One of the most colorful and aggressive of his backers, who was with Douglas even before the lat-

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ter's unsuccessful primary bid in the Senatorial race of 1942, had a hard time letting the idea die. He is Frank J. ("Spike") McAdams, Jr., a successful lawyer and a leader of the seventh Chicago ward, who, like his idol, got an arm shattered in the last war, but would cut off the other one if the senior Senator from Illinois gave the word. McAdams has been increasingly titillated by the open backing of dozens of influential newspapers, of many nominal Republicans, of the veterans' organizations, and of publisher Henry Luce, as well as by the radio demands on Douglas and his potency at the grassroots level. The United Press poll of March 10, which showed Douglas the No. 1 choice of Democratic state chairmen as an alternative to Harry Truman in 1952, has only whetted the enthusiasm of his friends. (However, it should be remembered that although state chairmen keep their ears to the ground, they rarely have complete say on delegations to the convention.)

"But the son of a bitch knocks my head off when I try to talk to him," McAdams complains, and there is reason to believe that this is almost what happens. Douglas's friends are convinced he wants nothing more than to serve out his present term and retire. Now fifty-nine, Douglas has taxed the constitution that made him a college center and later a Marine "boot" at the age of fifty. Wounded at Peleliu and again at Okinawa, he required a long convalescence before being retired as a lieutenant-colonel in 1946. He has continued to strain his reserves of physical endurance by a conception of his legislative duties that leads him to saturate himself in the background of every subject he handles. Moreover, he came to the Senate after living on a professor's salary, and he had had to earn five to six thousand dollars a year from the lecture platform to keep himself in Washington.

"I don't see how I could live for a month with the crushing burdens and anxieties of the Presidency," Douglas said after the U.P. survey of March 10. But his own flat disclaimers of Presidential ambition have not saved Douglas from the innuendoes of opponents like Kerr, or the quick suspicions of White House men. This is one explanation of the recurrent suggestion that the Senator from Illinois is something of a prima donna.

Another explanation lies in the emotional qualities of the man himself, who is, by and large, much more complex than most successful politicians. Paul Douglas, who grew up as a Quaker pacifist, was completely converted after first-hand observation of Mussolini's Italy in 1931, and went the whole way (to understate the matter) when he enlisted in the Marines in 1942. This ability to change orientation obviously is reflected in Douglas's current foreign-policy views, which call for the furthest extension of the Truman Doctrine any responsible official has suggested. (They also call for enlisting in the struggle against world Communism such "imperfect" and "somewhat soiled" allies as Franco, Tito, and Chiang Kai-shek.) Douglas greeted both the Administration's shift in its China policy and the retreatist cry of Hoover and Taft with a demand for resisting Communist aggression at every accessible place in the world—so long as other nations would "adequately join" in the attempt.

What has confused many critics of Paul Douglas is that he not only does not talk like an academic type (unless he does so by making longer and longer speeches), but does not construct his solutions to policy questions from pure-

ly factual and analytical sources. He uses these sources exhaustively, but he draws as heavily upon the emotional and spiritual wellsprings of the ordinary man in a free society. He can get tears in his eyes when recalling to a circle of friends the moving words of the fanatical martyr John Brown after his trial at Charles Town, West Virginia, in 1859. And when he inveighed against British "isolationists toward Asia" in January, he was as much Douglas the Marine as Douglas the Senator. It is his emotional perception of what it is to be a free man defending his freedom that has identified the brilliantly educated politician with the man in the street. The Peoria worker shouting "Keep it up, old boy," is talking to one of his fellows.

The religion of freedom is, however, only one key to Douglas's emotional depth. His Quaker convictions, despite a complete repudiation of pacifism, have continued to animate him even in a political career. The sharpest influence on his early life was the *Journal* of John Woolman, an eighteenth century Quaker minister whose fantastically nice conscience amazed even the mildest Friends.

The only time his Senate colleagues ever saw strong emotionalism in Douglas was in the early morning hour of debate over the Truman veto of the McCarran "security" bill. Douglas had been maneuvered by Lucas into going along with an omnibus bill embedding the McCarran-Mundt-Nixon features in those of the substitute Douglas had backed. For the first time Douglas believed that he had misjudged his conscience, and the belief had caused him sleepless nights. Now the President's veto had given him another chance. Taking the floor after the dramatic collapse of North Dakota's William Langer, who had been carried from the debate to the hospital, Douglas told his colleagues:

"The inner voice, which in the long run is our best guide, whispers to me that I am now acting in conformity with the right. And according to that light, according to such imperfect wisdom as I may have—and I say this with no sense of self-righteousness—I shall vote to uphold the President's veto."

Many Senators can turn such language on and off with ease, but not Douglas. The upper chamber has, in the Senator from Illinois, a New England patriot in the old style, and it is more than his Maine rearing and his religiosity that suggest the analogy.

Douglas has sublimated his academic attainments so far as the Senate is concerned, and nothing in his external career has made him seem out of place since his maiden speech in 1949. The depths of emotional conviction he re-

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veals may have such an effect at times, at least upon the cynic—a strain to which life in Washington is conducive. He has the Quaker's distaste for personal attacks, although he himself suffered considerable Red-baiting in his Chicago days. He took Senator Kerr's heavy sarcasm in the 1950 debate on the natural-gas bill with great restraint. His flair for profanity is distinct, though unremarkable, but no one tells him the sort of story in which so many of his colleagues delight.

Douglas's rise to national prominence has not appreciably altered his living habits, in which there is little place for the dinner and cocktail lobbies in the capital. He lives in a modest (and mortgaged) house, outside Washington's two fashionable districts, with his second wife, former Congresswoman Emily Taft Douglas, and their seventeen-year-old daughter Jean. Radio and platform appearances have kept him from home on many weekends since he came to the Senate. He is conscientious about journeying to Chicago on the affairs of his party and his constituents, and he has a staff in Chicago to aid the one in Washington. He remains in the Senate Office Building many nights on end when preparing a major speech or mapping an attack on an important legislative issue. He enjoys most, however, the evenings with his family, keeping up with an omnivorous course of reading and trying out on both Mrs. Douglas and his daughter the ideas going into his speeches. He and his friends alike place a high value on his wife's political judgment, and he draws importantly on her experience in Congress while he was in the Marines.

Until very recently Douglas of Illinois most often called to mind the five-foot "steam engine in breeches," the swaggering Stephen A. Douglas, who beat Lincoln for the Senate and was beaten by him for the Presidency.

The present Douglas has nothing in common with Stephen A. save the surname, energy, a New England origin, and a Senatorial seat from the State of Illinois. But more and more one finds the "of Illinois" bracketed with his name. As he goes on "legislating on the proximate issues which are before us," he may rob Stephen A. of the identification for all time.

—W. McNeil Lowry

Kenneth Wherry, Negativist from Nebraska

Harris & Ewing

"'Taft! That's all I hear . . .'"

Members of the Senate who were on Capitol Hill in 1942 tell how old George Norris sat in his office and cried inconsolably at what the voters of Nebraska had done. They had turned him out, after forty years in Congress, for a loud-talking, quick-tempered, bumptious Jack-of-all-trades—a farmer, cattleman, undertaker, lawyer, and real-estate operator named Kenneth Spicer Wherry. In the eight years since, Kenneth Wherry has risen steadily until now, at fifty-nine, he is as universally recognized a symbol for one philosophy of government as George Norris used to be for another. "The Tafts and the Wherrys," critics say, sometimes adding "the McCarthys." Ken Wherry has become a species, just as Norris was. But there is one significant difference: Wherry has power.

It is true, of course, that this power is subject to the check-rein of another, the man who really runs the Republican side of the Senate. Of late this knowledge has begun to gall Wherry more than ever.

"What do you think Taft will do about it?" a reporter asked Wherry recently concerning some pending issue. The Minority Leader of the Senate leaped to his feet.

"Taft!" he cried angrily, pacing up and down, face flushed, arms flailing.

"Taft! that's all I hear—*Taft!* What will Taft do! How does Taft feel! What does Taft think! I don't care what Taft will do! I'm telling you what Ken Wherry will do!"

But Ken Wherry does care; he has to care, and everybody knows it.

There is no question, however, that the junior Senator from Nebraska (his senior is white-haired Hugh Butler, a man so mild and seldom-heard-from that a favorite press-gallery quip has it that "Nebraska not only sent us the undertaker, it also sent us the corpse") is one of the major policymakers of his party. It is widely rumored, and probably true, that he would love to be its Presidential candidate; the chances are that this will never be, but at least he does operate with a gusto that inevitably makes him one of the leading figures of a Senatorial pantheon embracing some mighty egos. In his quick-flashing (but quick-dying) rages, his enormous enthusiasm, his equally enormous hatred, his boundless heartiness, and his continuous explosions of energy, Wherry comes close to being a natural force.

It is hard to dislike Ken Wherry. "I'm sincere about this," he is always telling people vigorously; it is his favorite statement, and the fact that it is entirely true, while it sometimes baffles his critics, wins for him a considerable affection and a grudging respect from Senators and reporters alike. It is true, of course, that such fellow Republicans

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as Wayne Morse, George Aiken, and Charles Tobey are not overly sold on Wherry. They like him as a person, and with them he maintains a sort of amiable neutrality. They take the attitude that he does his best and means what he says.

When Wherry applies himself to major issues, however, these personal virtues sink into the background and he has to be judged by the standard of what is best for the country. There is no doubt that he tries faithfully to represent the wishes, fears, hopes, and prejudices of the Plains States, but there is some doubt whether his views always coincide with the best interests of the country as a whole. On occasion, time has borne him out. On other occasions, he has either not been with the majority of his countrymen or a passionate inconsistency has canceled his effectiveness.

On June 30, 1950, for instance, he was vehemently in favor of the President's action in sending troops to Korea. ("A sigh of relief has swept across the country," he declared on the Senate floor.) Yet eight months later, beating the drums for his resolution to ban the sending of troops to Europe without Congressional approval, he took a strangely altered view.

"The President," he told the Beacon Society of Boston on March 4, 1951, "had no authority under the Constitution, by law, or in any prior commitments to the United Nations to order United States armed forces into action in Korea without the approval of Congress. . . . The President usurped power in sending troops to Korea—and now he is trying to usurp the power of Congress to implement the North Atlantic Treaty."

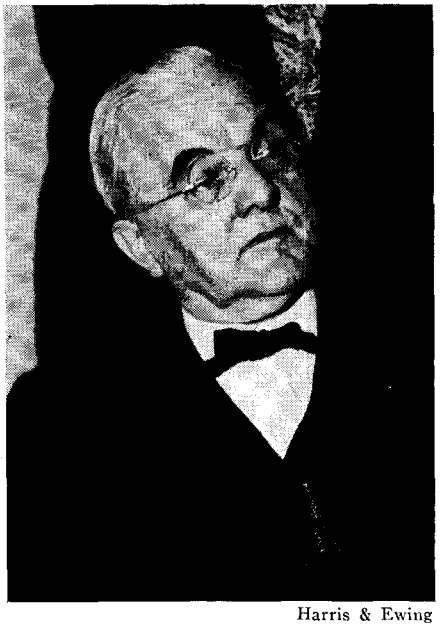
On both occasions he could have declared (and very likely did): "I'm sincere about this!"

The basic confusion that seems to underlie Wherry's shifting sincerities was perhaps summed up in the question he asked on April 21, 1947, during debate on the Greek-Turkish Aid bill.

"Who here," he demanded solemnly, "has any clear conception of what course we should take based on any knowledge of what the results will be?"

To see the junior Senator from Nebraska occupying his center-aisle seat as Minority Leader during a hot debate is to witness one of the more entertaining spectacles of a capital that has many. Although he manages to lean back in his chair, there is a restless impatience in every line of his body. His good-natured face forms itself into scowls and contortions as rapidly as clouds scud across the sun on a spring day; his lips mutter words of approval or disagreement, sometimes half audible to the galleries. Presently the temptation proves too much; he surges to his feet and into the thick of the argument, voice rising, manner belligerent, arms gesturing furiously, indignation beyond control. The entertainment is even greater if he is rebuffed by some such expert hatchet man as Tom Connally. Then he subsides into his chair, chewing his underlip, throwing himself impatiently from side to side, staring into space and conducting a muttered but furious impromptu debate, apparently with himself.

It was almost inevitable that a man of such entertaining crotchets and such boundless energy should have been able to rise very rapidly in the Republican hierarchy. In the Congress as elsewhere in American life, the man who is willing to carry the burden frequently is the man who gets the power. Wherry had many businesses before coming to the Senate, but the diversity did not indicate lack of purpose or success; it simply indicated, as it still does, that he just had so much energy it spilled over into half a dozen things.



Harris & Ewing

The late Senator George Norris

At the University of Nebraska, where he got his B.A. at the age of twenty-two in 1914, he sold pianos, became a star debater, and got himself elected president of the senior class. The next fall he went east to Harvard for a year of law and business administration, returning to become a partner in his father's business in Pawnee City, Nebraska. After the Armistice, a veteran of the Chicago and Pensacola Naval Air Stations, he returned to Pawnee City, marriage, and the steady expansion of his variegated interests.

In 1918 Wherry became chairman of the Pawnee County Republican Central Committee. Thereafter he toiled faithfully, meanwhile running the Wherry Ford agency, practicing law, selling farms, farm implements, and livestock, conducting auctions, and profitably pursuing the career of licensed embalmer.

In 1927 he was elected president of the Pawnee County Agricultural Society (a post he held until 1944) and member of the Pawnee City Council, which satisfied him for two years. In 1929 he decided to become mayor, and did. Concurrently he ran for the state senate on a sure-fire program in a farm area: He was against muddy roads. In the state senate he was the pride and protégé of none other than George Norris: He was known as "Norris's errand boy," and promptly fell into disfavor with the party's old-line leaders. His mayoralty expired in 1931, his senate service in 1932. A try for governor in that big Democratic year ended in defeat; a try for the U.S. Senate, still as a Norris protégé, ended similarly in 1936. Then, as he confided candidly years later, "I decided that if I wanted to be in politics there was only one thing to do. I had to get my hands on the state organization."

From that point on, it became noticeable to Nebraska's Old Guard that Kenneth Wherry was no longer Senator Norris's errand boy. An increasing pattern of conservatism became noisily apparent. In 1938 he returned to public office in his old job of mayor, winning the same year a seat on the Republican state central committee. A year later he became state chairman, and in 1940, after he organized a caravan of Republican candidates which took the G.O.P. cause into two hun-

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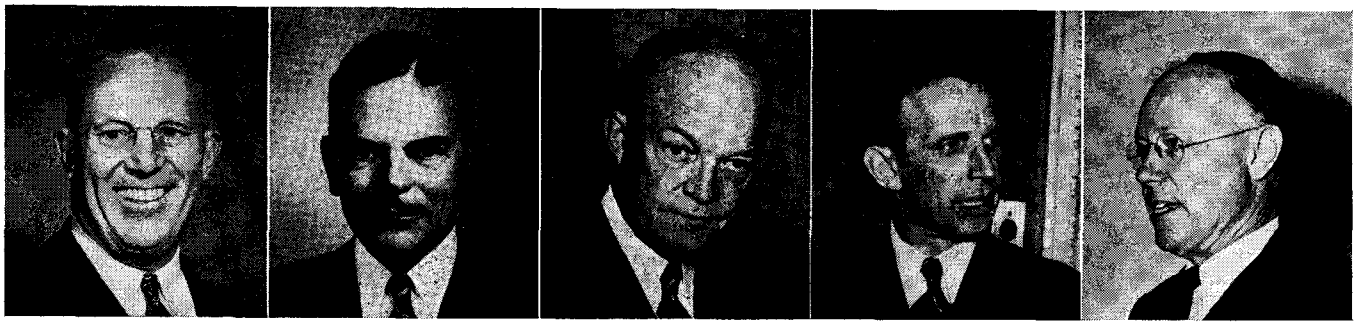

Wide World, Harris & Ewing

Lineup of Republican hopefuls: Warren, Dewey, Eisenhower (?), Driscoll, Taft

dred Nebraska towns and carried the state for Wendell Willkie, he was named Western director for the Republican National Committee. His service on the state committee and for the National Committee ended in 1942, his mayoralty in 1943. George Norris had finally broken with the party and had run for re-election as an independent; the situation seemed tailor-made. Years before, he had put his arm around Kenneth Wherry's shoulders and told the people of Nebraska, "Here is the man I hope succeeds me." Now across half a continent there came back to the old man crying in his darkened office in Washington the mocking answer to those kindly words: "Norris has lent respectability to the New Deal."

Wherry had licked Norris by almost eighty thousand votes.

It is probably safe to say that the career thus launched into national prominence over the political corpse of its original patron has been a constant attempt by Kenneth Wherry to convince himself that his acts are all, as he says, "sincere." There is something in the violence of his conservatism, its utter lack of quarter for all who disagree with it, that smacks of the convert anxious to eradicate even the remotest chance of apostasy. In the state senate, he muses now, they considered him "maybe a maverick . . . but not," he adds hastily, "a liberal."

For all of his years in Washington, Ken Wherry has seemed to be proving something. It has been apparent in the vigor with which he has attacked the "socialistic trend," in the bitterness of his opposition to the Secretary of State, in his crusade for "our American way of life which we all love and want to preserve, yes, sir!"

There arises a question, however: Whom is he proving it to? The people of Nebraska? They have reelected him once and are quite apt to do so again. The kingmakers of the Republican Party? They accept his loyalty as beyond question, and dismiss it with the casual disregard that is usually the reward for such devotion. Or is it the ghost of George Norris that must still be shown that his former protégé is "completely sincere about this?"

At any rate, there has been little doubt in eight years where Ken Wherry has stood. Not even the Taft brand of Republicanism suits him. Even if there were not the clash of ambitions, Wherry would still be deeply uneasy about the Ohioan's ideas. Alongside Wherry, Taft is a raging liberal; Wherry goes along with Taft on most issues because Taft is frequently the only man who can wangle a compromise sufficiently far to the right. But Wherry does not go along with any real enthusiasm; it is just because he hasn't anywhere else to go.

Assuming that such a thing as a President Wherry could have been possible in recent years, the history of the times would have been drastically different. There would have been no Bretton Woods monetary agreement, no ECA, no Military Aid Program, no aid for Greece and Turkey, no troops for Europe, no attempts to co-operate, even with allies. Domestically there would have been no OPA or any other forms of controls, not even the tentative gestures recently announced by Mr. Truman.

A survey of the Wherry positions discloses that he has almost always been *against*. "If a man can come in here and make a case and prove to me that he's right," he says, "then I'm for him!" So far, few men have seemed able to do that. Nor has any cause, save that of the Grand Old Party at its grandest and oldest.

The Wherry crusades, in fact, have in most cases been triumphs of negativism. For years he attacked the OPA with unflagging and unsuccessful zeal, denouncing it at every opportunity, harassing its officials on all possible occasions, seeking to amend the law under which it operated every time the law came up for extension. A sort of righteous spitefulness seemed to spur his efforts, along with a rosy picture of what life would be without the hated law.

In April, 1946, in behalf of his own amendment removing meat-price controls, he said: ". . . if OPA had opened up the price in 1943 and permitted us to produce we would have furnished at reasonable prices all the meat we needed and need now, and our people would not have had to buy their meat in the black market, which has been the result. That is what has happened in the great meat industry."

When the great meat industry and its gallant defenders had triumphed by a vote of 47-23, and when prices had soared but the supply of meat had not, a different note began to enter the Senator's comments. Pride of authorship began to give way to an uneasy intimation that possibly the public was not responding favorably to high prices and no meat. For the first and probably the last time, Wherry went on the defensive.

"Every time Truman makes a price increase," he presently told the press aggrievedly, "he points a finger and says, 'That's the Wherry amendment!' "

Before long, however, he had bounced back to the offensive. The undeniable confusion that went with

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demobilization he assailed darkly as "a confusion planned by those in high places, who mean that it shall produce a state of mental futility on the part of our people so that regimented chaos can eventuate." And very soon he had found two new targets, both of which stand him in good stead to this day: Dean Acheson, and the foreign policy of the United States.

When Mr. Truman appointed Acheson Under Secretary of State in 1945, Wherry was the only member of the Senate to vote against the nomination. Four years later, having been one of six who voted against Acheson's confirmation as Secretary in the meantime, he was still of the same opinion. In the same speech in which he assured the Senate that Mr. Truman, in sending troops to Korea, had taken "the only honorable course that could be taken," he also took occasion to utter another of his frequent blasts at Acheson:

"This action by the President," he shouted, "is only the beginning. . . . The American people long ago had lost confidence in Secretary Acheson. His resignation is now definitely in order. His appeasement policies now stand repudiated by the President."

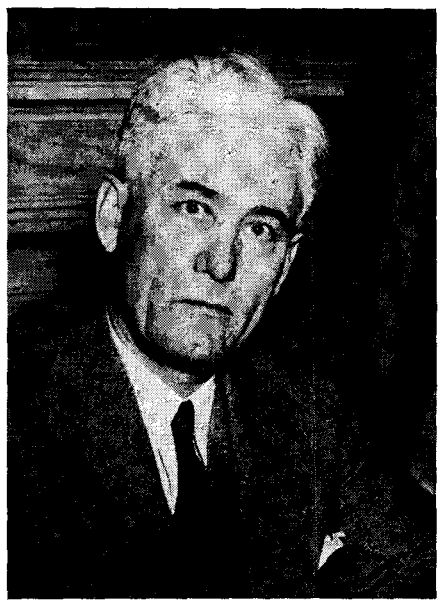
And in assessing blame for the world's ills he has hit a careful balance between the Russians and the Democratic Administration, with the balance, if any, in favor of the Russians.

"Let us grant that Russia is standing in the way of reaching satisfactory peace settlements," he said in a July 31, 1946, speech in which he demanded an investigation of the State Department. "Let us grant that Mr. Stalin and the Communists constitute the major obstacle on the road back to peace. There is still the shameful part the United States has played in the preliminary peace settlements for which the Russians cannot possibly be held solely to blame . . ."

On February 1 of this year, after Senator William Benton of Connecticut, a former Assistant Secretary of State and a strong Acheson supporter, rose in the Senate to deplore the appointment of Senator McCarthy to the Appropriations subcommittee handling the State Department budget, Wherry took the floor in a vigorous defense of Wisconsin's *enfant terrible,* whom he has always backed to the limit.

"He can be criticized from coast to coast," he said, "and he can be criticized around the world, and it can be said that he caused confusion; but I think he has done more to establish confidence in the hearts of Americans than has any other man I know of in the past two years. . . ."

Like Taft, Wherry is coy about the 1952 Republican nomination. His prospects are less rosy than Taft's, but his technique is much the same. The Nebraska Republican state convention last June passed a resolution endorsing its favorite son for the top job. Then a "Wherry for President" headquarters was established, and after that the customary game of batting the ball back and forth between Washington and the home folks was begun. There is a standard routine about this: The supporters in the field announce they would be mighty pleased if the prospective candidate would run, and the prospective candidate responds that he would be mighty pleased to oblige—providing he is drafted. This "go-ahead-and-rape-me" method occasionally pays off. It may conceivably pay off for Taft. It may even pay off for Wherry, if he supplements it with plenty of real work.



Harris & Ewing

Senator Hugh A. Butler

He is of course a skilled enough politician to do this, and therefore it will not be surprising if the Wherry campaign has a little more to it than long-distance flirting with a pious hope. As with any secondary or potential candidate, his chances will be best in a convention divided between two titans—in this case, possibly, Taft and Eisenhower. As with Earl Warren of California, Alfred Driscoll of New Jersey, and even Thomas E. Dewey of New York, his best opportunity will come in that desperate hour, if it develops, when the convention is trembling on the verge of a sudden stampede to Somebody, We Don't Care Who, But Somebody. If the careful groundwork laid months before is ever going to pay off, it will be then.

If Wherry wins the nomination, of course, it will mean that the last vestiges of the "liberalism" he hates have vanished from the Republican Party, and that the country will at last have the contest between absolutes which most perceptive analysts of the American system fear like the plague.

Regardless of the outcome in 1952, however, it is quite likely that Wherry will continue to play a major role in the affairs of the Senate and his party for some time to come. Nebraska has apparently bidden farewell to the Norris era as completely as he has, and there does not seem to be much chance at the moment of unseating him.

Nor does it seem likely that there will be a successful challenge, at least in the immediate future, to Wherry's position in the Senate Republican hierarchy. The occasional waves of revolt are doomed to failure from the start. They do not represent a majority of the party, they do not represent its controlling sentiments, and they do not have the support of Taft. Since Wherry is smart enough not to challenge Taft directly in the contest for the nomination, and since Taft is not going to make things difficult by formal recognition of Wherry's competition, there is no reason why the two should not placidly go on running the Senate Republicans between them.

The junior Senator from Nebraska has led few major votes, given his name to no major bill. Yet it must be remembered that he speaks, consistently and loudly, for millions of Americans who believe, as he does, that evil is named Acheson and that Utopia would be here if only the government would leave everything alone long enough for it to arrive. —Richard Cope

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Another Black Market in Meat? It's Already Here

Only twice have many citizens of the United States decided that a Federal law wasn't worth obeying. The first time, in the 1920's, involved that fantastic gesture at national self-denial called the Eighteenth Amendment.

The second time was during and immediately after the Second World War, when the government tried to control meat prices. The Office of Price Administration has since estimated that more than half the population participated in black-market meat purchases.

Today the government is worried about a third mass violation of Federal law. Again it is a question of meat.

The Office of Price Stabilization, like the OPA, has found meat its worst problem. Because the meat industry is so complex, because meat is sold in so many processed forms, because it is highly perishable, and because establishing ceiling prices on ungraded live animals is so difficult, meat simply does not lend itself to controls as readily as such commodities as steel and copper.

Unfortunately, controls on meat are essential to stabilization. "If you muff meat, you muff the whole thing," according to Herman A. Greenberg, who was OPA's Director of Food Enforcement during its entire existence. "Meat is the one commodity that can most easily make or break stabilization." Greenberg points out that food prices represent thirty-four per cent of the Bureau of Labor Statistics' Consumers' Price Index, and of this amount meat prices constitute a full twenty per cent.

OPA was bound to get off to a bad start on meat. With no previous experience to guide it, it could rely only on corrective rather than preventive measures. It never knew how a regulation perfect on paper would work out in practice. Some of its orders, although issued in all sincerity, created inequities that served to feed the black market rather than stifle it.

Michael V. DiSalle

Even when, in 1944 and 1945, OPA did develop comprehensive regulations for meat, it couldn't put them into effect. The War Food Administration, an adjunct of the Department of Agriculture, fought at all times to assure farmers of a Fifth Freedom: freedom from control. OPA didn't get all the controls it wanted, and needed, until September 1, 1946, six weeks before the meat program was terminated.

OPA meat-enforcement officials did learn about the disease they were fighting; they learned that, unlike bootlegging, the meat black market didn't attract large criminal elements and was completely unorganized. They learned that while thousands of new meat firms had been set up in the grab for wartime profits, many of the violators were old, respected members of the trade—both big and small—who may have wanted to comply but were forced to buy and sell at black-market prices because the get-rich-quick operators had bid the price of cattle above ceiling levels. The respectable firms then had to pay above-ceiling prices or go out of business. And when these firms bought above ceiling they had to sell above ceiling to make a profit.

Toward the end of its reign, OPA was forced to admit that the meat situation had deteriorated "to a point where there was only the mere semblance of controls." A thousand cases a week were being brought against black marketeers in meat. Despite this enforcement drive, a Senate subcommittee reported that at the time "five out of six retail stores, in eleven representative cities from coast to coast, were charging in excess of ceiling prices for meat . . . two-thirds of the meat cuts sold by these stores were sold at over-ceiling prices. The average overcharge . . . was twenty per cent. . . ."

Above-ceiling prices were not the only problem. The black market had completely disrupted normal distribution of meat, and the OPA stated that "whole areas in the country were deprived of meat," while other areas had plenty—at the "right price."

This, in turn, was only part of what has been termed the "real menace to public health" caused by black marketeers. Shady slaughterers, operating outside the law anyway, did not care much about Federal inspection or Federal sanitation rules.

In addition, backyard slaughterers threw away everything except the meat itself. Valuable glands, such as those used in making insulin and pituitary and thyroid drugs, were left to rot.

In view of these facts, the OPA meat program certainly could not be given

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Arval L. Erikson

an "A" for anything but effort. On the other hand, meat controls don't offer the record of "complete futility" proclaimed by the industry. Though harassed by inexperience and divided powers, OPA did manage to hold retail meat prices fairly well in line. That, after all, was its main task.

The American Meat Institute, representing the big, integrated packing companies, argues today, as it did in 1946, that if controls were removed, prices would quickly "level off." The A.M.I. had its way last time, and in the year following decontrol the retail index of beef and veal prices rose from 121.2 to 216.4—an increase of almost eighty per cent.

The Office of Price Stabilization, of course, is in a position to improve greatly on OPA's record. It has four years of OPA experience to guide it, and many veterans of the old OPA meat program have returned. It also has all the powers OPA found split among various war agencies—with the single, and very major, exception of enforcement.

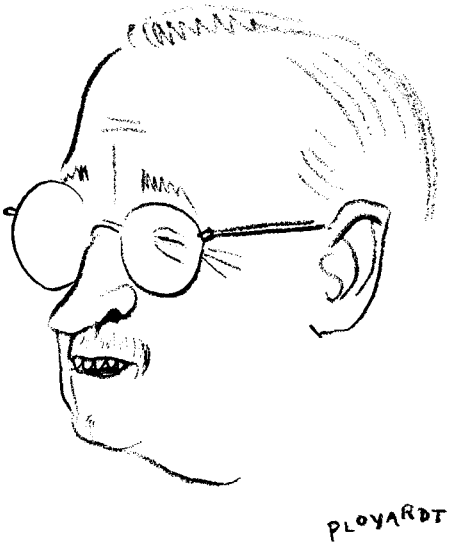
Meanwhile, a group of small, independent slaughterers has already admitted that "it is almost inevitable that parts of the industry will be forced by a period of loss into operations outside the system of controls." The Meat Institute says that "OPS thinks it can change human nature."

Actually, OPS officials think no such thing. "You can't stop the black market any more than you can stop people from speeding," says Irvin L. Rice, who directed OPA's meat-distribution branch in 1946 and holds the same post today with OPS. But Rice feels that you can see to it that every intersection isn't a death trap.

Such a job can be done by thorough enforcement, stiff fines, safe-driving campaigns, clear display of laws, and rigid licensing and registration of all drivers and cars. Perhaps above all, it is done by creating an all-embracing traffic code.

The OPS men think they have such a program. It has two main parts:

First, they would establish dollars-and-cents ceiling prices at all levels, from farmer to retailer, and make the ceilings low enough to assure only normal profits, but not so low that the smaller firms are squeezed into black marketeering. The chief problem here is how to impose ceilings on live animals. OPA never solved this one completely, and livestock prices rose almost uninterruptedly throughout the war. OPS must solve it, or the old squeeze will be on again. The second proposal is: Freeze the entire meat industry exactly as it existed in 1950. License everybody, from slaughterer to retailer, and require all to report regularly to OPS. Allow nobody new to enter the industry. Allow nobody in the industry to expand his functions. Give everybody maximum quotas based on the share of meat he handled in 1950. Allow nobody except retailers to deliver meat to anyone he didn't deliver to in 1950. And again excepting retailers, force them all to distribute meat to their old customers in the same proportions as in 1950.



Harry S. Truman

To date, only the barest start has been made on this plan. The so-called "price freeze" was not such a start. It was a stopgap measure, constructed like a sieve. The slaughter-control order, which Rice's office developed, was a start. But controls on slaughterers are not controls on wholesalers, processors, retailers, or livestock traders. More orders are expected any day, one providing for proportional distribution by slaughterers, others setting specific dollars-and-cents ceilings on all red meats, though not on livestock at the farm level.

But even when all these orders are in effect, the all-out plan will be less than halfway established. *To the extent that it is not established,* OPS *will fail to control meat prices.*

Whether the OPS meat men will get a chance to put the rest of their plan into action depends on whether they can get approval from their bosses, all the way from Price Stabilizer Michael V. DiSalle to the White House and Congress.

It is doubtful whether they will. "The big boys really don't want tight meat controls," says one OPA veteran. "Some control measures are just political gunpowder. It's better to have a black market."

First of all, the powerful farm bloc on Capitol Hill obviously won't stand for any controls that hurt the farmer. Congress has already indicated its attitude by specifying certain minimum levels—and quite high levels—under which farm commodity prices cannot be controlled. It has also favored price-control enforcement by the Justice Department, which now has this power. The Justice Department handled enforcement early in the last war, and OPA found the system "cumbersome and ineffective." But Congressmen remember that when OPA was finally given enforcement, it was singularly unrelenting in prosecution. Their requests for special consideration for a constitutent were listened to politely enough, but were always turned down. This time, enforcement will be under ninety-six U.S. Attorneys, each a political appointee in an area overlapping a Congressman's area of political power. OPS officials can only investigate.

It is, of course, true that Congress

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worded its authorization of price control so loosely that the Truman Administration could conceivably have left enforcement with OPS. That the White House chose not to do so is just one indication that the President, like Congress, feels that increasingly strict price-control measures do more political harm than economic good.

Harry Truman's experience with meat price controls, it must be admitted, has not been a happy one. Congress allowed a two-month lapse of meat controls in the summer of 1946, during which the black market became more dominant than ever. On September 26, 1946, the President declared his firm opposition to removal of controls. The situation only got worse. Meat virtually disappeared from trade channels as farmers held back. And twenty days later, the President had to reverse himself, directing decontrol as the "only remedy."

Last July, the President said flatly that he didn't want price controls. In September, when Congress gave him the authority anyway by passing the Defense Production Act, he and his subordinates were slow to act. DiSalle, the first director of OPS, wasn't appointed until two months later, on November 30. Even today, OPS is far from adequately staffed.

It might be expected that the 1946 meat fiasco would have taught the White House the fallacy of inadequate price controls; instead a distrust of price controls in general and meat controls in particular seems to have set in.

Naturally, as the White House goes, so goes the Justice Department, and to diminishing extents, so go DiSalle and Eric Johnston. DiSalle has talked about how much he'd hate to be the first one caught violating OPS controls, but that's about as far as he's gone. On several occasions he has said that he doesn't want direct subsidies, as used in the old OPA meat program. Many veterans of OPA, however, say there are only two ways to provide "fair and equitable" profit margins to all segments of the meat industry, as required by Congress. One is low ceiling prices plus subsidies to the small packers who make no processed products or by-products. The other is high ceilings.

DiSalle has evidently chosen the second method. To the consumer, this means meat prices as much as ten cents a pound higher, judging from the subsidies OPA paid small slaughterers. To the big packing companies, nine of whom accounted for seventy per cent of U.S. meat production in 1939, it means huge profits.

On another occasion, DiSalle felt compelled to snuff out rumors that OPS was printing meat-ration books. Rationing, he confidently told the press, was a long way off. But price controls without rationing are somewhat self-defeating. Price controls are needed in the first place because demand exceeds supply—and rationing limits demand.

DiSalle's assurances regarding rationing were no doubt motivated by fear of a meat-buying panic. But the news of rationing is almost certain to leak out before the fact of rationing occurs anyway. Wouldn't it be better to have the panic now, when the meat situation is comparatively easy to deal with, than later?

Eric Johnston

Eric Johnston's control over the OPS meat program to date has been vital, if not too clear. There are indications that in the price-freeze order of January 26, Johnston took all responsibility for whether or not meat would be included, and if so, how. Arval L. Erikson, assistant director of the OPS food program and its leading expert on meat controls, says:

"I had hoped when I first went with the agency that we could avoid a price freeze on meat, . . . that we could spend all our time working toward tailored regulations which are more equitable."

The meat-price freeze, whatever the source and whatever the reason, was a mistake.

Freezing meat prices also froze a great many inequities within the meat trade, as Erikson points out. "Some people have been frozen with high prices, and some with low prices, and as a consequence those with high prices outbid those with low prices in buying . . . livestock. To make the thing worse, the freeze order does not make provision for any control in the prices of live animals, simply because it was not considered practical."

The freeze order said a meat handler's ceiling price was the highest price he had received for any specific item during the December-January base period. The big packers immediately began picking the highest price charged by any of their branch houses and using that price. Also, a great number of meat firms, having heard rumors of a freeze for weeks, had made "token" sales in the base period at extremely high prices. These practices were not abolished till a month after the freeze.

Since the freeze, complaints have been pouring into the OPS meat-investigation branch. Reliable trade-service figures show that wholesale prices at Chicago on sixty meat items are now three to seven cents above the highest prices quoted in the base period.

As a result of all the inequities created by the freeze, large segments are once again being forced to trade at above-ceiling prices or accept substantial losses. The investigation branch reports all the old violations: "upgrading" meat to get the higher ceiling prices available for better cuts; cash-on-the-side payments; tie-in sales, whereby a dealer must buy kinds of meat he doesn't want in order to get delivery on the kinds he does want; and many more. One old OPA hand now with the OPS says he has never seen "such complete, utter, and willful disregard of law."

Another black market in meat? It's already here.—WILLIAM S. FAIRFIELD

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Special Report: Communism in Europe

New setbacks produce new tactics—Views of European observers

When the Communists seized power in Czechoslovakia three years ago they virtually declared war on western Europe. They compelled Europeans to live in constant dread of invasion, local revolution, or both, co-ordinated and simultaneous. But neither the Red nor the satellite armies have moved, and Communist strikes, sabotage, and riots have failed. The Communists tried to ruin the Marshall Plan—unsuccessfully. They tried to block American military supplies arriving in the ports; they failed. They tried to halt armament production in Europe; European factories are producing on schedule.

For at the level of direct, physical obstruction, Communist tactics were dependent on mass support: that of labor and Communist militants. Both sources of power failed them. Party membership fell twenty-five to thirty per cent. In four years France's CGT lost 3,700,000 adherents.

The Communists turned to political and psychological action. Force has failed to bring western Europe to its knees. The attack is now turned against western Europe's will, mind, and heart: the will to be weakened, the mind to be confused, the heart to be made maudlin with self-pity.

The Communists started with the Stockholm (atomic-bomb) "Peace" Appeal. That campaign won an alarming number of non-Communist supporters. The Reds followed up with a protest against German rearmament. That campaign seems to be succeeding. For the western powers are meeting Russia now—after having thrown away their best bargaining point, the threat to rearm Germany.

At their Berlin World "Peace" Council in February, the Communists broadened their strategy. They made it clear that it is all of western Europe that they seek to neutralize. They called for a disarmament conference; economic exchanges between East and West; co-operation with the Protestant and Catholic churches against war; political alliances to bring back popular-front governments.

If they attain these objectives, the Atlantic alliance will be annulled in abjection and defeat, the political war ended—and lost. But the Communists will fail at this level too, if the West develops the weapons—political and economic, and not only military—with which to resist.

—JEAN-JACQUES SERVAN SCHREIBER

Britain: Saturday Shop Stewards

Population (1949)	50,363,000
Estimated Number of Communists:	
1946	60,000
1950	40,000

The British Communist Party has never been numerically strong. Of the hundred Communist candidates who ran in the 1950 general elections, not one was victorious. Both the incumbent Communist M.P.'s—there have only been four since the party's founding in 1920—were snowed under, and Harry Pollitt, secretary-general of the party, drew only 4,463 votes against 26,645 for his Labour opponent in a Welsh mining district. All together, the Communists polled just 91,815 of the 28,769,477 votes cast—about one-third of one per cent of the total.

Although, as these figures prove and even *Izvestia* sadly admits, the British party "has not yet become the mass party of the working class," its 40,161 officially enrolled members, like their colleagues in other countries, compensate for their lack of numbers with an exceptional degree of party discipline.

By deploying their meager forces skillfully, British Communists have been able to infiltrate the British labor unions from top to bottom. They were behind all of the important "unofficial" strikes which have broken out in the last few years—the dock strikes of 1949, 1950, and 1951; strikes in Yorkshire mines and the Smithfield Meat Market; and the crippling London electricity strike. "These unofficial strikes . . . ," the Minister of Labour, George Isaacs, said in a broadcast last fall, "far from involving solidarity among trade-unionists . . . are intended to split, weaken, and break the unions."

What Isaacs didn't say was that

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British Communists have taken full advantage of the very great loss of contact between individual workers and the Trades Union Congress, which provides the official leadership of the British labor movement. As the keystone of the Labour Party's electoral structure, the TUC has acquired such great political power that it seems to have abandoned to a large extent its concern for the more immediate interests of British working people.

The Communists have not been slow to seize this opportunity. They usually concentrate not on the union positions that offer personal advantages in pay and prestige, but on the apparently unrewarding administrative jobs through which control can be exercised unobtrusively.

As the gulf increases between the TUC and the rank-and-file workers, the influence of the shop steward, for instance, has increased proportionately. Directly elected by the men whose daily life he continues to share, he can become the protector and adviser of those who feel that the TUC is too far away and too busy with politics to look after them.

During the war, the Communists shrewdly helped engineer a decision to hold the elections of shop stewards on Saturday afternoons. At the time, it seemed a sound plan for avoiding undue production slowdowns. But now, when many workers would rather spend Saturday afternoons at soccer matches, the Communists can often control the small meetings, with the result that estimates of the proportion of Communist shop stewards in the basic industries run between seventy-six and eighty-four per cent.

When the Communist candidate has been elected to a union position, he takes care to avoid activities that might excite suspicion. He sticks to his job, gets along well with his shopmates, and often even assumes the attitude of a level-headed chap who wants to understand management's point of view. His purpose is to acquire so much influence that when he is ordered to call an illegal strike, he will be followed by a majority of the workers, even when they are asked to violate the orders of higher union officials.

Communists who succeed in infiltrating the unions become members of the "industrial sub-commissions" which the party has set up in all the larger industries, and also among the agricultural and white-collar workers. The sub-commissions hold weekly meetings to report on what is going on in their unions and to receive instructions from the party.

Although very few of its activities are overtly political, the British Communist Party still scrupulously maintains its official position as a political party. Authority is vested not in Secretary-General Pollitt but in R. Palme Dutt, who bears the comparatively obscure title of vice-chairman of the party but who is actually the representative of the Kremlin in England. Dutt and his lieutenants—Peter Kerrigan, J. R. Campbell, John Mahon, George Allison, and (until his death) William Rust, editor of the *Daily Worker*—form the British Politburo. The public leaders of the party—men like Phil Piratin and William Gallacher, who sat in Parliament until the general elections of 1950—are only fronts. "Sentimental Communists" like the Dean of Canterbury are used to "reassure the bourgeois opposition," among whom the Communists include practically the entire Labour Party. The Communists claim that the $170,000-odd they spend annually is provided entirely by private contributions. The police, however, have discovered that most of the large gifts came from donors who preferred to use fictitious names, perhaps concealing the generosity of the Soviet Embassy.

R. Palme Dutt: weak numbers, strong discipline

The TUC has taken an official stand against the Communists and has urged its affiliates to sweep them out of responsible positions. But traditional British tolerance, coupled with Communist tenacity, has prevented a thoroughgoing purge. Since the TUC continues to honor the recommendations of individual unions for delegates to national and international labor and technical conferences, the British government has more than once found itself represented at U.N. meetings by a Communist.

The Government, which is haunted by an awareness of its narrow majority in the Commons, knows that even a slight defection among its own left-wing supporters could overthrow it. Accordingly, even moderate Labourites are willing to sacrifice a great deal in order to avoid any ruckus on the Left that would be caused by a crackdown on the Communists. They hope

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Harry Pollitt: "We've got to create a feeling of 'Let the Yanks do their own dirty work'"

that the British people, whose political stability has not been seriously threatened for some three centuries, can be counted upon to absorb without ill effect the small but occasionally annoying intruder. —J. R. PECHERAL

West Germany: Labor Goes It Alone

Population (1949)	47,585,000
Estimated Number of Communists:	
1946	300,000
1950	200,000

If it had happened in any other western European country, one might have supposed that the extraordinary rapidity with which the German trade unions succeeded in forcing the government to grant worker participation in management of heavy industry and the Ruhr coal mines was due to the West German government's fear that the Reds would take up the issue.

This was not the case at all. It was precisely because the German trade unions had nothing whatever to fear from Communist agitation that they were able to prepare the ground for their claims and wait for the best time to present them. They waited almost two years. A year ago the unions' president, Dr. Hans Böckler, told me in confidence that the unions could not launch a mass protest movement because there were not enough funds to finance a strike. By January, 1951, 400 million marks were available—and a strike was not needed. The trade-union leaders had proved their sagacity.

Their timing was excellent. West Germany was short of coal, and even a day's strike would have had a catastrophic effect on the program of the Minister of Economy, Professor Ludwig Erhard—a man who is unpopular enough already with Left as well as Right. In spite of certain industrial groups that wanted an out-and-out fight in the hopes of re-establishing absolute control by management, Konrad Adenauer's Government was in no position to oppose the will of a million workers—all the less so since Adenauer himself refused to admit that the workers' demands were improper. Under the circumstances, with both right and might on their side, the trade unions had their fight won from the start. The actual negotiations were carried out calmly, with Chancellor Adenauer acting personally as arbitrator.

At no time was there the slightest Communist intervention. When one or two reactionary newspapers insinuated that Communists were back of the trade-union offensive, nobody took them seriously. When the Minister of the Interior, Dr. Robert Lehr, the Cabinet member closest to the reactionary industrialists, warned the trade unions that if there was any disorder he would use his police because "a strike would certainly be exploited to the full by foreign agents," the trade unions answered that they were capable of doing their own police work—and Dr. Lehr had nothing more to say.

The fact is that the trade unions have no illusions as to the belligerence of their members. The German workers came into the one big union, the DGB (Deutsches Gewerkschaftsbund), for two reasons: a feeling of solidarity and the desire to form so strong a union that the necessity for violent action would never arise. After suffering Nazi oppression and the disasters of war, the German worker is in no mood for demagogic invitations to adventure. At most, and almost reluctantly, he is willing to be mobilized in defense of his own immediate interests.

The trade-union membership voted overwhelmingly to strike the mines and the Ruhr steel industry in support of demands for participation in management—"codetermination"—but with the wholehearted hope that the strike would be called off.

Even if the German worker were ten times unhappier than he is, it is very improbable that he would rebel. And this explains how, with two million unemployed, with ten million refugees living under the most precarious conditions, with other millions ruined by the war, West German labor seems almost completely unaware of the concept of class warfare and passively accepts the present bourgeois restoration, scandalous though some of its manifestations may be.

With the German masses feeling as they do, Communist propaganda was doomed in advance to fail. Even as early as 1945 its chances were poor despite the support given the Communist Party by the Allies—especially the Americans—during the brief experi-

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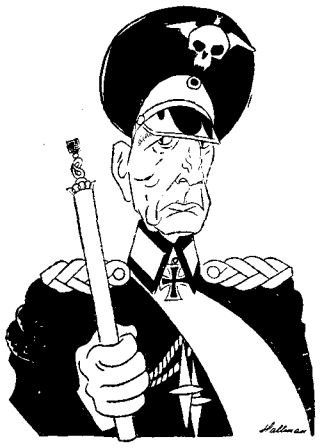

Field Marshal Friedrich von Paulus, gaunt specter of the Communist occupation in East Germany, surrendered the remnants of his German Sixth Army of 330,000 men to the Russians at Stalingrad January 31, 1943. Hitler, bitter that von Paulus had not committed suicide rather than allow himself to be captured, shouted: "He could have . . . ascended into eternity . . . but he prefers to go to Moscow!" Since then, von Paulus has been reported as training a Red army of "Free Germans." His name has also been mentioned in connection with the Bereitschaften, the militarized People's Police of East Germany (see page 25). He has been twice reported as leaving prison camp in the U.S.S.R., and once as arriving in Berlin. Von Paulus has been "seen" all over the Russian Zone. But the last sure glimpse western observers have had of this *verdammter* elusive Pimpernel was at the War Crimes Trials in Nuremberg in 1946, where he appeared as a witness for his Russian masters.

Hans Böckler: triumph for labor without a strike—and without Communists

ment in happy four-power collaboration. At that time, the Allies insisted that there be Communist mayors, Communist newspapers, Communists in business and in local government; they encouraged non-Communists to join the Communist Party (KPD) or various Communist-controlled organizations such as the Association of Nazi Victims (VVN.).

The Germans docilely followed these suggestions, but were not converted or convinced. In their eyes, Communists remained tools of Moscow, and the Russians remained the unforgivably guilty enemies of the German people. Subsequent events served only to confirm this conviction. At the present time it is an understatement to say that Germans as a group are impervious to any Communist influence whatsoever. In fact, a great majority of Germans are on the point of giving way to a truly hysterical hatred of Russia. To them, the Russian is becoming a mythical being, the incarnation of all evil. No exchange of views is possible with him; he must be driven out, struck down, exterminated, as a barbarous, bloodthirsty, intolerable presence.

To today's German the Russian is what the Turk was to the Christian of the seventeenth century—but with an additional lust for vengeance stimulated by four years of merciless war, the horror of Russian occupation, and the knowledge that thousands of Germans still suffer as prisoners in Russia. The most sincere, the most dedicated of German Communists is viewed by his

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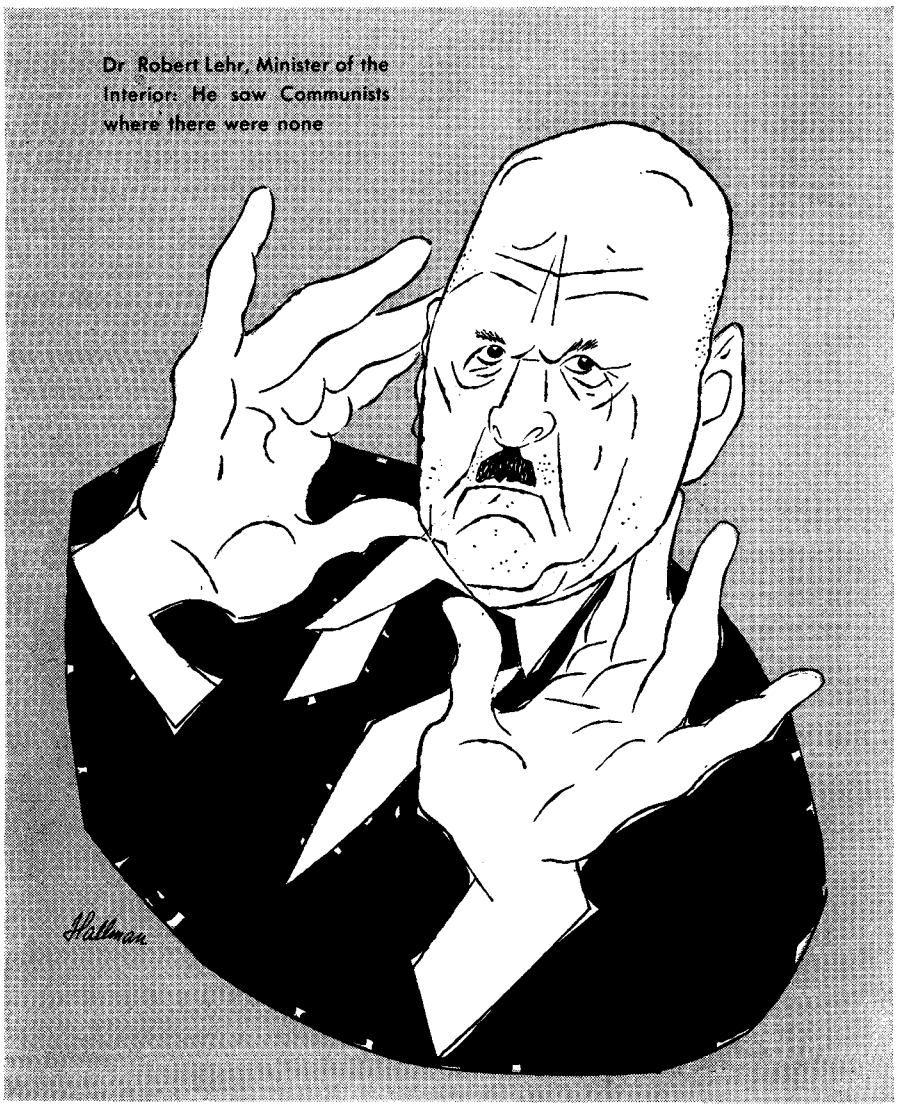
compatriots as no more than a traitor and accomplice of Satan. At Stuttgart, a congress of ex-Russian prisoners demanded that the great Bismarck's own grandson, Count von Einsiedel, be brought to trial, because while a prisoner in Russia he had joined Field Marshal Friedrich von Paulus's "Committee for a Free Germany."

Hence it is not surprising that at each new West German election the Communists lose more and more votes, and that they now represent no more than three per cent of the electorate. It is said that there are still some 200,000 cardholders, but for some months now they seem to have fallen into lethargy. Perhaps they have gone underground.

The Communist Party may be going to pieces or it may be preparing to act at some time of crisis. Neither supposition is encouraging to the government. In the latter case there would still be a real danger. In the event of Communist collapse, a political liability would be created, for the West German government inclines to the belief that the Allies will lose all interest in the fate of Germany unless they can be shown that the country is in constant peril from a Communist fifth column. That is why Chancellor Adenauer recently told foreign correspondents that they must not think that the Communist losses in recent elections are as significant as they look on the surface. According to Adenauer, Moscow had ordered German Communists not to vote the Communist ticket, so that the western democracies would be lulled into thinking they had nothing to fear from West German Reds.

The Germans are still busy at the old game of trying to frighten people into trusting them.—ALAIN CLÉMENT



Dr. Robert Lehr, Minister of the Interior: He saw Communists where there were none

France:

Riots or Raises?

Population (1949)	41,550,000
Estimated Number of Communists:	
1946	850,000
1950	600,000

Irreverent French workmen now disgustedly call their big centralized labor union the CGTK: "Confédération Générale du Travail Kominform." In 1946, with 5,500,000 members, the CGT controlled the majority of organized labor, but membership is now down to 1,800,000. The secession in 1947 of the Force Ouvrière, a newly constituted anti-Communist labor movement, accounted for a small part of this loss. Strong governmental action, and particularly the stand taken by Jules Moch, then Minister of the Interior, against the big strikes of 1947 and 1948, accounted for some of it. The Marshall Plan helped too, but the main reason for the CGT's decline is that French workers in increasing numbers are becoming tired of seeing their labor movement used for the political, revolutionary, and strategic purposes of the French Communist Party and the Russian state.

The Communists gained control of the CGT by their usual methods. They proclaimed endlessly that the Communist Party was the party of the workers, that labor leaders who were not Communists must necessarily be traitors; their organizers usually were untiringly active, disciplined, and absolutely above graft and corruption. At all organizational levels in the trade unions, Communists acquired key positions, and little by little the party took over. Here is the picture now:

Benoît Frachon, secretary-general of the CGT, is a Communist. The thirty-five members of the Administrative Commission of the CGT are all Communists. The secretaries-general of the thirty-seven national federations (vertically organized professional associations) are all Communists. Most of the ninety secretaries-general of the departmental unions (the horizontal organizations of local interprofessional associations) are Communists.

A look at the hierarchy of the Com-

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Benoît Frachon, boss of the CGT: champion of interlocking directorates, Red style

munist Party shows the other side of the coin. In the national secretariat, Auguste Lecoeur of the CGT represents the miners. In the political bureau (the real directorate of the French Communist Party) are both Frachon and Lecoeur, together with Léon Mauvais, CGT representative of the Gas and Electrical Union. In the central committee (forty-three permanent members) are ten representatives of the most important unions—building trades, metallurgy, railroads—and seven out of the thirty-three alternates.

In circumstances of the wildest capitalist iniquity one could hardly find a more flagrant interlocking directorate. There is no question here of "Communist influence"; the Communist Party controls and runs the CGT. It has been running it ragged.

In 1947, President Vincent Auriol decided that the continued presence of Communists in the Cabinet was incompatible with stable government. The Communist representatives had shared in government since the liberation, but enough was enough. Auriol thus threw the party into open opposition. In the ensuing tactical phase the Communists used the CGT as their main instrument in their effort to disorganize the French economy and prevent the Marshall Plan from succeeding. That effort, characterized by strikes and sabotage unrelated to real trade-union grievances, was a failure. By the end of 1948 the CGT could no longer order vast numbers of workers into a concerted general strike, so the party turned to nuisance strikes: A key department of a factory would be struck for a quarter of an hour, or for an hour, or for a day—or there would be slowdowns in one department after another. These tactics, of course, brought no appreciable improvement in working conditions. They were not meant to do so.

For a long while the Cominform masterminds did not worry much about the resulting decline in CGT membership; an active, highly efficient cadre was more useful than numbers, quality more important than quantity. But when the CGT ordered riots in the ports to prevent the unloading of American war matériel and the matériel was unloaded all the same, when the CGT tried to paralyze armament production and the armament factories kept on producing, the Cominform had to yield to the evidence: The French Communist Party was out of touch with the masses of the workers.

From the point of view of Communist doctrine and strategy, that is an intolerable situation. The rule laid down by Lenin and Stalin is that the party must always act through and by the masses. When the masses cease to respond, the party must not be left isolated; the party must never act when it lacks mass support. For then it exposes its "best" elements to repression.

When General Eisenhower reached Paris on his first inspection trip as Supreme Commander of the North Atlantic Treaty forces, the CGT ordered a demonstration. The Paris police were ready. They arrested two thousand or more demonstrators and checked their identities. They noted the marked absence of members of the strongest union in the Paris region, the metalworkers. It would seem that Benoît Frachon had decided not to send in his best troops. It is not at all impossible that he thought it time to show the Cominform in general, and in particular Suslov, the Cominform man in charge of French affairs, that the party and the CGT could still arrange a demonstration for "peace" and against the "American warmongers," but not a very good one—because the workers were tired of demonstrations and wanted higher wages.

Whether or not Frachon deliberately furnished the Russians with proof that the party was dangerously ahead of the masses, the fact is that Lecoeur, who does the liaison work with the Cominform, has returned from Prague with orders for the CGT to let up on the interminable "peace" campaign and to prepare to concentrate once again on basic trade-union issues.

The time has not come when one can

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look back at the Communist domination of the French labor movement and say it was bound to fail. This, unfortunately, is not a post-mortem. But the French Communists are having their troubles, and it is instructive to observe why they are having them.

Trade unions were created to improve labor conditions here and now, within the framework of existing societies. The strength of trade-unionism is measured by its success in obtaining, through collective bargaining and other techniques, better pay, better working conditions, greater security, and, above all, greater respect for the human dignity of the worker.

The Communist Party cannot logically pursue such aims, since improvement in the position of labor within a capitalist society tends to make the working class less likely to revolt, and that society less likely to collapse.

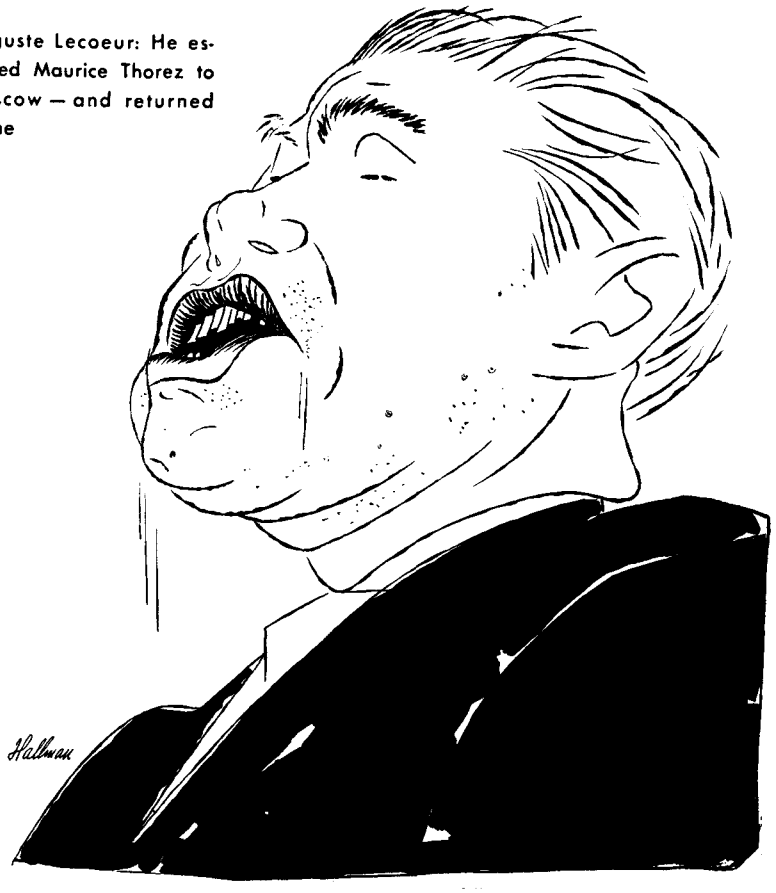
When the Communist Party gained control of the CGT it was bound to betray the uncomplicated desires of French trade-unionists for immediate, simple, and practical improvements of their lot. It seems that the swindle is at last becoming apparent to more and more hard-working Frenchmen.

—HENRI MARCHE

Italy: Silone on 'Lice' and Patriots

Population (1949) 45,996,000
Estimated Number of Communists:
1946 2,200,000
1950 1,600,000

I have had great trouble the last few years nearly every time I have discussed Italian or French Communism with visitors from countries where Communism is not a mass movement. My powers of persuasion have accomplished little against their ready-made, oversimplified conceptions. Some of my visitors have grown petulant and have called me a "fellow traveler."



Auguste Lecoeur: He escorted Maurice Thorez to Moscow — and returned alone

This in itself does not bother me. In spite of everything, I still consider my experience as a Communist the central event of my life. I have not forgotten the effort it took to free myself from that tyranny. I feel, therefore, that my first obligation is to help the greatest possible number of Communists to free themselves in turn. Even as an ex-Communist, I have forced myself to keep clear and up to date on Communism's inner workings, always taking care not to let myself be blinded by hatred. I certainly do not think my writing has caused the crisis that is shaking Italian Communism today, but I can say that I detected the break at its very beginning, commented upon it, and nursed its development. I think it is important for everyone to understand how it came about.

When Deputies Valdo Magnani and Aldo Cucchi quit the Italian Communist Party, many commentators, echoing their own remarks of two years ago on Tito's secession, warned that the whole thing might be a mere hoax staged by Moscow, a Trojan horse. To these the best reply was given by the leader of Catholic Action, Luigi Gedda:

"The deviationist phenomenon," he wrote, "has produced deep confusion at the very base of Italian Communism. We cannot accept the hypothesis of trickery, since this supreme Machiavellianism would then prove to be nothing more than supreme stupidity."

The failure of many specialists to understand this is a clear demonstration of the difficulties in understanding the structure and inner dynamics of Communist power in Italy and France, two countries where Communism is still a complex mass movement.

The secession from the party of Magnani and Cucchi was the first outward symptom of a crisis that has been maturing for several years in important sections of the Communist ranks. In Italy as in France, the party is anything but homogeneous, despite its attempts to appear compact and centralized in public. Italian Communism is a mixture of forces that differ widely both in origins and spirit. At its center is, of course, the hard Bolshevik nucleus. Around it are many groups—revolutionary socialists who joined because of the inefficiency and weakness of Italian Socialism; partisans and anti-

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Palmiro Togliatti: to Moscow to have his head examined

Fascists who joined back in the days when Communism was the only force fighting positively against Fascism; intellectual radicals in revolt against the iniquities of the old bourgeois structure; and, finally, opportunists who have yielded to the strong pressure Communism has exerted, and in part still does exert, in certain workers' circles.

Before the valuable energies now exploited by Communism can be liberated, before these special viewpoints can be rechanneled into democratic labor unions and political parties free of foreign influence, the artificial bonds that unite them to Communism must be destroyed. The recent rebellion marks the beginning of the separation of patriotic interests from the Communist amalgam. The basic problem that led Magnani and Cucchi to rebel is neither artificial nor temporary; we can be sure the episode will not be unique or soon forgotten. Already the movement has alienated some ten thousand Communist workers. They are obviously more than "lice"—to use the dainty definition given by Togliatti. This is a political movement, still in an early phase, but springing up practically all over Italy. It includes several provincial federations, local committees, and leaders, and is about to organize a national committee.

What political groups will these forces join? The political character Magnani and Cucchi are giving their movement differs widely from the familiar pattern of Communist heresies. These men are not followers of Bordiga, Trotsky, Lenin, or Tito, and they do not preach a return to the principles of the early Communist International congresses. In fact, they are not much concerned with ideological questions. Their political education dates back only to the resistance. They are men who accepted literally all of the democratic and patriotic directives the party used simply as tactical tools. Magnani and Cucchi felt the iron discipline of the Cominform; they had to choke down a great deal, and for a time they forced themselves to set aside their doubts. At a certain point all this became impossible.

The new movement rejects the Communist conviction that Italian social problems can be solved only by the intervention of the Red Army. Italians must defend themselves against the Red Army, as against any other invader. I noted an exchange between Magnani and a Communist in a meeting a few weeks ago. "Do you think that a country in the condition of Italy," the Communist asked, "can defend itself alone against an aggressor?" Magnani replied: "I do not exclude agreements with other countries in the same condition; what I condemn is Italy's falling into the role of a satellite."

The breakdown of the Communist amalgam in Italy is of national and international significance. Personal, political, and ideological ties between the rebels and many militant Communists lead us to hope that soon we may be fighting side by side for liberty and socialism. But we ourselves have seen how difficult liberty is for those who come from a totalitarian organization. Personally I foresee that the political re-education of those who leave the Communist Party will be a long process, which will lead them eventually into the ranks of democratic socialism.

—IGNAZIO SILONE

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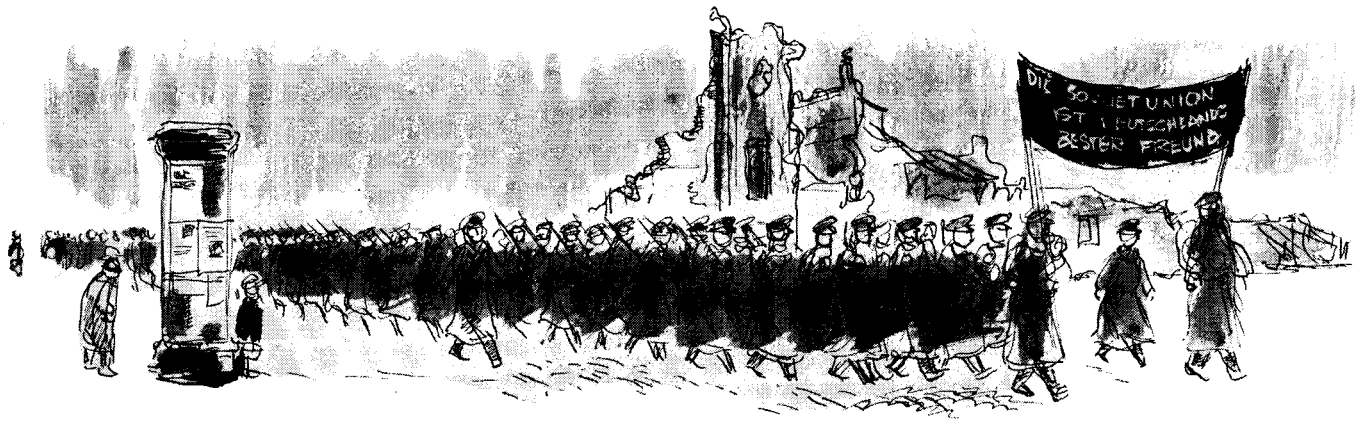

German Storm Troops—East Zone Model

The winter rain pelted down endlessly on the parade ground of the sprawling *Kaserne* at Hohenstücken, just outside Brandenburg on the bleak Prussian plain.

Despite the weather, the entire combat team—all its 1,900 officers and men—was assembled in mass formation. In the center was the battalion of infantry. On its right were the artillerymen and on their right the detachment band. On the left were the troops of the other attached units: tank, signal, engineers, reconnaissance, and the rest. Facing the formation, a few paces in front of his staff, stood the Inspektor, their commanding officer.

The heavy black uniforms were sodden, and many of the men, as they stood at silent attention, were shivering. They had been waiting for twenty minutes, ramrod-stiff, before the Inspektor marched briskly onto the parade ground.

"Genossen!" his voice suddenly rasped into the silence. "Comrades! This is my first opportunity to bring you all together. In the past few weeks you have been sent here from many training camps, from many specialist schools, to join this command.

"You are wet and you are cold, I see. Good. It will teach you to be tough; it is a symbol of the hardships we may be called on to face together. You are soldiers now.

"I do not intend to spell out for you the tasks you may be called on to perform, only to remind you we are the strong arm of the German Democratic Republic and its leaders. We must be prepared to put down its enemies wherever they arise. We must be prepared to fight alongside our friends, if need be, to thwart the plans of the warmongers, unite the Fatherland, and win it for the progressive forces of the earth."

The Inspektor stopped abruptly. A moment of silence in the rain and then, behind him, a staff officer shouted:

"Long live our President, Wilhelm Pieck! Long live Germany!"

"Es lebe! Es lebe!" 1,900 voices were raised in thunderous echo.

"Long live our guide and teacher, Comrade Stalin! Long live the Soviet Union and the peoples' democracies!"

"Es lebe! Es lebe!" and again, before the formation broke for the barracks, the obedient refrain echoed through the *Kaserne* on this cold, gray day in this cold, gray place.

Quite obviously, the Inspektor did not intend his little speech for publication. Yet, as it happened, there were two junior officers on the parade ground outside Brandenburg who shared neither the Inspektor's ardor nor his convictions. A few days later those officers disappeared from the compound. They did not return.

Their comrades may have assumed the pair had simply been spirited away by the SSD—the State Security Service. That would not have been an unusual fate.

But these two were luckier. In the dark of a winter night they had simply stolen a command car from the *Kaserne* motor pool, sped down the slippery back roads toward west Berlin, talked their way through a People's Police guard post at the city's border, and, once safely inside, turned themselves over to the west-sector Berlin police for sanctuary.

They were among a fortunate minority; they were classified as political refugees and flown out of Berlin to West Germany. Not, however, until they had outlined the Inspektor's talk to western investigators, and not until they had told of the new developments that had precipitated their flight.

Their story was not unique. Each day deserters from units of the Bereitschaften—the "Preparedness" troops of East Germany—make their way to west Berlin or the western zones. Their testimony, carefully cross-

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checked, plus information from the anti-Communist underground in East Germany, plus first-hand reports obtained by agents working in the "Zone of Silence," has made it possible today to draw an accurate picture of the concealed military force created by the Soviets.

Here, in rough outline, is that picture:

Working rapidly in recent months, Russia, through the Communist government of East Germany, has reorganized the Bereitschaften into modern "combat teams"—twenty-four of them to date, each with a strength of approximately two thousand men. Total enrollment is about fifty-two thousand, including headquarters units. The combat teams are so set up that they could be used as independent military striking forces, if given air support; they also provide perfect cadres for expansion into infantry divisions.

The new combat organization dates only from November, 1950, although the Bereitschaften were first brought into being in the autumn of 1948 and their intensive development was ordered in a basic directive that arrived in Berlin from Moscow in March, 1949. Earlier Bereitschaften were set up as military-training units. There were thirty-nine of them, twenty-four of which were infantry-training units, the remainder concentrating on other military specialties: anti-tank, anti-aircraft and field artillery, engineering, communications, and tanks.

During this phase, the infantry Bereitschaften were fully equipped with rifles, submachine guns, machine guns, and the like (practically all former Wehrmacht equipment), but the other units had only a very few tanks and artillery pieces—barely enough for purposes of familiarization in operation and maintenance.

Then came the new, more ominous stage of development. By last fall, those in the thirty-nine Bereitschaften and in the officer-candidate schools had completed from nine to sixteen months of training. The reluctant and the unfit—those who had joined only to escape service in the East German uranium mines or who had joined at the "suggestion" of the labor offices—had been largely weeded out and permitted to quit for other less "sensitive" jobs. About two thousand political unreliables had been purged; the remaining fifty-two thousand were as hard a core as could be obtained. And the 150 men who were to be their senior leaders—for the most part veteran Communists, preferably trained in partisan warfare—had just come back from a year of training in Red Army command and staff schools.

In the months that have followed, the old Wehrmacht cantonments in East Germany that house the new military units have been centers of furious activity. The twenty-four infantry Bereitschaften remained intact as the nuclei of the combat teams, although they were often moved to different and bigger camps. To them were attached the other components—the artillery batteries, tank companies, and signal sections whose training Bereitschaften, as such, were dissolved.

That reorganization, according to intelligence reports, is virtually complete by now, and the new units are expected to get their first real "shakedown" in the field later this spring by participating in the spring maneuvers of the Soviet Army in East Germany.

Prior to that time, the combat teams are slated to receive their heavier arms—the tanks (Soviet T-34s), Russian artillery, reconnaissance vehicles, and the like—which the Russians have heretofore withheld, at least in any substantial quantities. This ordnance—virtually all Soviet—has been stored for some time in East German arsenals, and is being issued as this article appears.

To supplement these intelligence reports, the writer has spent several days in Berlin talking to deserters. Since the weeding-out process their number has sharply decreased, but there are still an average of three or four a day. The story they tell is pretty disquieting.

Since the reorganization, discipline has stiffened in all the units. No longer is the pretense kept up among the troops themselves that theirs is really a police force. Officially, the Bereitschaften still are part of the Volkspolizei—the East German People's Police. Their uniforms, except for distinctive tan shirts, are those of police, as are their ranks—from the lowly recruit up to General-Inspektor Karl Heinz Hoffmann, their hard-eyed commander-in-chief, who operates under East German military boss Wilhelm Zaisser. But, as at Hohenstücken, the men are matter-of-factly told they are soldiers; they are subjected to most of the restrictions of military life, and their training is solely along military lines.

Passes and leaves are increasingly difficult to get. There is no longer any

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effort to station married men near their families, and the troops are increasingly isolated from the community as a whole. Pay is high, but the hours are endless, and the speeded-up group maneuvering is grueling.

A twenty-one-year-old blond Unterkommissar—sublieutenant—told me in a west Berlin police station, "They pound politics into us all the time!"

In the officer-candidate school at Eggesin from which he had been graduated not long before, he said, they received a half-hour "political-information" briefing every morning at 7:30. In addition, twice each week they listened to two-hour Communist indoctrination lectures; twice a week they had two-hour political "seminars"; four hours a week were set aside for "Marxist study"; and they had a two-hour "current-events" forum each Saturday afternoon.

Except for the higher-ranking officers, ages of the Bereitschaften range, generally, between seventeen and twenty-six. A good many of the troops, therefore, were too young to have served in the Wehrmacht, but about half their middle-ranking and junior officers served in Nazi armies. At the senior levels of command and staff the number of ex-Wehrmacht personnel is smaller—about one-fourth—and the non-Communist professional soldiers who held high command posts in the formative period of the Bereitschaften are being more and more frequently displaced by reliable Communists trained during the past year at Soviet military schools.

An estimated three-quarters of the troops are also members of the Communist FDJ—Free German Youth—and a quarter of these are simultaneously Socialist Unity Party members. The "political-cultural" officer for each combat team is on the commander's top staff and in most cases is the second most important officer in the unit. Under him there are a number of party officers, supervising the relentless indoctrination program.

Soviet suspicion of the satellites—and especially of this German satellite—shows up in the Bereitschaften in a strange duality of command. A special section in the Soviet Control Commission directs over-all activity. General-Inspektor Hoffmann is in constant "liaison" with Soviet Major General Petrokovsky, who heads that section. But direction and persuasion are not confined to the top level. To each of the earlier Bereitschaften were attached two Soviet officers—one military, one the political representative of the MGB (successor to most activities of the ill-famed MVD). These have been absorbed into the new combat teams, and each German commander has on his staff at least three Russian "advisers." They wear the regular black German uniforms and seek to make their presence as unobtrusive as possible, but it

is safe to say that every single member of every combat team is quite aware the "Sovietniks" are around.

Not only do the new formations rely on Soviet military "advice" and on Russian heavy ordnance; their training methods—as in all the other satellite lands—are those of the Red Army.

United States and British officers in Germany find some solace in the estimates of present strength of the Bereitschaften and in their knowledge that that strength is not at the moment being increased by further recruiting. After all, they argue, the Soviets would hardly undertake a Korea-type attack on West Germany with fifty-two thousand men.

Yet they concede that the twenty-four combat teams of the Bereitschaften would make an excellent auxiliary force for the Soviet armies of 325,000 men in East Germany, should they strike toward the Atlantic. And they concede further that these units would be especially qualified to occupy areas behind the spearheads of a Soviet attack and to eliminate speedily and murderously any pockets of resistance.

Most important, they point out that within nine months the twenty-four combat teams could be expanded into twenty-four divisions of 240,000 men.

—ERNEST LEISER

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Barcelona—the Cradle Of Revolt Still Rocks

Reading the news of the recent general strike in Barcelona, I thought back to the autumn of 1930, when I lived in a pension on the Rambla Catalun there and watched the revolution coming. I didn't know it was a revolution; most of the noise was made by the *guardia civil,* and even they didn't seem to take it seriously. Some time between one and two in the morning, when I was still not quite asleep, I would hear them riding down the broad Rambla; first the clatter of walking horses' hoofs, then a rattle of metal when they were almost abreast of my window, and next, as they were passing, the creak of leather and likely as not a burst of laughter at some joke told to while away the boredom. Before they were out of hearing there would be a command, and the clatter would quicken as they trotted into the Plaza Cataluña.

If no shots were fired—and usually none were—I could then go on to sleep, secure in the belief that Barcelona and Spain were still safe for Alfonso XIII. After breakfast I would walk down the Rambla in the bright sunshine, stopping to give a copper or two to each of the three beggars on the way, stopping again to buy a couple of papers. The local ones were generally restrained, but across the first page of yesterday's Paris *Herald* there would be a frightening big black streamer: BARCELONA RIOTS SPREADING, or something like that. The lead paragraph would probably bear out the headline, but the account would get tamer as it ran down the column, and in the end nothing would have been reported but "widespread disorders," and maybe a student or an anarchist arrested.

Sitting at a café table and looking across the street at the big, shaded park, I would see no evidence of last night's disorder, unless it were a bench or two overturned. I would decide that the publisher of the *Herald,* where I had worked the year before, was hinting that he would like to have more travel advertising from Spain, and I would wonder why the government didn't give it to him.

I might express this thought to the bootblack working on my shoes. Bootblacks, like New York taxi drivers, were esteemed as wise men. "Madrid," he would say, and doubtless spit. "Madrid" encompassed all authority with which the Catalans were in dispute: the King, his Ministers, the army, the civil guard, and for that matter the rest

of Spain, with the possible exception of the Basque provinces, which also had separatist ambitions. "We do all the work," said my bootblack, "and the rest of them play the guitar. Stay here awhile and you'll see a change."

Of course I didn't know then about a recent meeting in San Sebastián at which Republicans, Socialists, and Catalans had agreed to act together to form a republic, by force if necessary. Naturally I couldn't know that in the municipal elections the next April these parties were to win a majority and proclaim the republic. To tell the truth, in that pleasant autumn of 1930 I wasn't much interested in politics and didn't think that much could be done about the poverty of the Spanish people.

There were bullfights each Sunday and, between them, other attractions, which perhaps should have excited me more. I went two or three times to hear the symphony orchestra conducted by the Catalan cellist Pau Casals. The great chorus of the Orfeo Catala was in its glory. I can't be sure that I saw any Picassos then, or any Mirós, but I did see a lot of pictures.

Barcelona was a pleasant city to walk in. There were the Paseo de Gracia, the Diagonal, the *ramblas* running down to the docks, and all the little twisting streets off the lower *ramblas* toward the cathedral. Near the waterfront the streets had that fine seaport smell, a smell that seemed to be made up of burnt coffee, black tobacco, brandy, hemp, and horse manure, all blended and magically cooled by the sea. There were always plenty of people to talk to; it isn't hard to find conversation in the Iberian Peninsula if you talk a little of one of the languages. In that season, with its warm, bright days and crisp nights, most of the people seemed happy; the women selling big bunches of flowers in the center promenade of the Rambla, the shopkeepers who rang my silver duros on the counter and made them bounce high in the air, the workmen clinging to the outside of streetcars in the late afternoon, the stenographers hurrying home from work, the waiters, and even

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the bootblacks. Exceptions were the vendors of lottery tickets, the beggars, and the money-changers, who are never happy in any season.

But looking back on it after twenty years, I think "happy" is too simple a word. I remember the people on the streetcars. Barcelona is a city of streetcars, cars that creep and creep and jerk through the crowded centers, then, when the going is good, swing and sway along like a horse that has been given its head, their wheels and trolleys singing as they run. Sometimes in the afternoon I would take a car, go to the end of the line, walk awhile, and find another car back. Two or three times I was on a car late in the day when the factory workers swarmed aboard, filling the inside in seconds, then picking perches on the platforms, the steps, and the fenders. Feeling out of place in my sedentary person's clothes, I would watch their faces, which after a glance would courteously avoid mine. They were mostly lean faces, the faces of men who worked hard enough to use up a little more nourishment than they got. But there was an excitement in their eyes—an excitement that seemed to live on more than beans and fish and cheap red wine. It wasn't happiness at all. I think it was anticipation—a hope turning into a conviction that something was happening to make life a little better. That conviction was to be breathed in the air of the city, and I was stupid not to know what it was.

And so I left Barcelona, and Spain, four months before the Republic was born, and when I went back it was dead. I wish I had been there even when it was dying, when the Italian Fascist planes were bombing it from the Balearics and Pau Casals was conducting his orchestra under the bombings, when the most incompetent general who ever won a war was waiting beyond the mountains for the *coup de grâce* before showing himself in the city. It is not bad to watch something die bravely. But I did not get back to Barcelona until 1947.

Compared with most of the cities of western Europe two years after the war, it seemed prosperous and almost gay. Shopwindows were full of things I wanted to buy, although the best things were in the windows, and they were not often my size. Even whiskey was available at twenty dollars a bottle. The hotels were all full, and I had to wait three days for the room I wanted. It was June, a month when most cities are crowded, and Barcelona was about to receive two distinguished visitors, the bullfighter Manolete and Eva Perón.

This was the year when Franco and Perón were toying with the idea of a neutral bloc, which would sit out the war between Russia and the West—before Perón found it unprofitable to sell wheat to Spain on credit and before the United States began putting up loans. Officialdom was getting ready to welcome Evita, the *aficionados* to welcome a great bullfighter.

There wasn't much to do in Barcelona while waiting for the bullfights. Casals was in self-imposed exile. The Orfeo Catala was suppressed. Miró was allowed to live there, but none of his paintings could be seen. I found I had forgotten most of the small streets I had known, and the big ones often had different names: José Antonio, Calvo Sotelo, and of course General Franco. More walls were daubed with slogans of the régime (ARRIBA ESPAÑA; FRANCO, FRANCO, FRANCO) and texts from San José Antonio Primo de Rivera than in any other city in Spain—even more in proportion to the population. While these were unsightly to look upon, they were a reminder that Barcelona needed a reminder of who its masters were.

I didn't get on any of the streetcars, the same yellow cars that had been there in 1930. I was depressed by the faces of the passengers I saw from the street. They were perhaps not much leaner than the faces I remembered; the difference was in the eyes, which now had no light of any kind, but

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seemed to look inward, as though hope were only to be found in the ability of the body to endure.

I walked a little in the *ramblas*, but the beggars were no longer the professional men who stood and waited for something to fall into their hats. Now they were sick children who grabbed for a sleeve, or barefoot women with sick babies at their breasts, who followed me for blocks, mumbling. The duro, which had once rung clear on the counter, was now a wadded piece of paper, worth fifteen cents instead of fifty, and not that to anybody but a foreigner. It was in 1947 that a dockworker ran after my car, cheering because it had a French license (France had quixotically closed the border with Franco's Spain that year).

The bootblacks hadn't changed much, though. One of them at a café on the Plaza Cataluña, engaging me in conversation to cover the extra-cost dressing he was putting on my shoes, remarked that it was a pity that the U.S. Army hadn't seen fit to come to Spain. I asked him how things were, and he said *"Malo."* I asked whose fault it was, and he said "Madrid." I asked if things were likely to change, and he said "Yes, for the worse."

And so I went to see Manolete kill one bull badly and one well, and I was pleased to see that he used his bad performance as an excuse to refuse a present from Señora Franco. Señora Perón didn't make the bullfight, and neither did the Generalissimo, who misses bullfights whenever he can, possibly considering them brutal. I left right after the bullfight and have been back only once since, for a one-day trip in 1948 to get a story that was never printed.

I am sorry I didn't keep the story or my notes, because it was about the streetcars. Without the details, which I have forgotten, the story was simply this: With the connivance of the courts and what may be called the benevolent neutrality of the Minister of Industry and Commerce, Juan Antonio Suances, the Barcelona Traction Company had been taken away from its foreign owners and delivered into the hands of Juan March, who had done much to finance Franco's rebellion and appeared to be still collecting. But in 1948 the United States wasn't much interested in the Barcelona Traction Company—or in Spain, either, for that matter. We weren't feeling mad enough to get rid of Franco or scared enough to make him an ally.

But it was interesting to read that the recent general strike in Barcelona started over a rise in carfare. I don't imagine that there was much hope, or even excitement, in the eyes of the people who refused to board the cars, or of those who failed to show up for work in their factories, stores, and bars. I don't think the Communists had anything to do with it, as the government claimed. I doubt whether the strikers expected to gain anything; in fact they must have anticipated being docked their wages and clubbed on the head. I suppose they may have had it in their minds that if they made an example and a sacrifice, some of the powerful people who don't like Franco might take a little heart. I wonder whether the bootblacks worked, and and I wonder what they said.

—Charles Wertenbaker

". . . My information is that Generalissimo Franco, having little confidence in the present plans for ground forces, would not take his armies out of Spain . . . " —Herbert Hoover

The Watch on the Pyrenees—as seen by Mauldin

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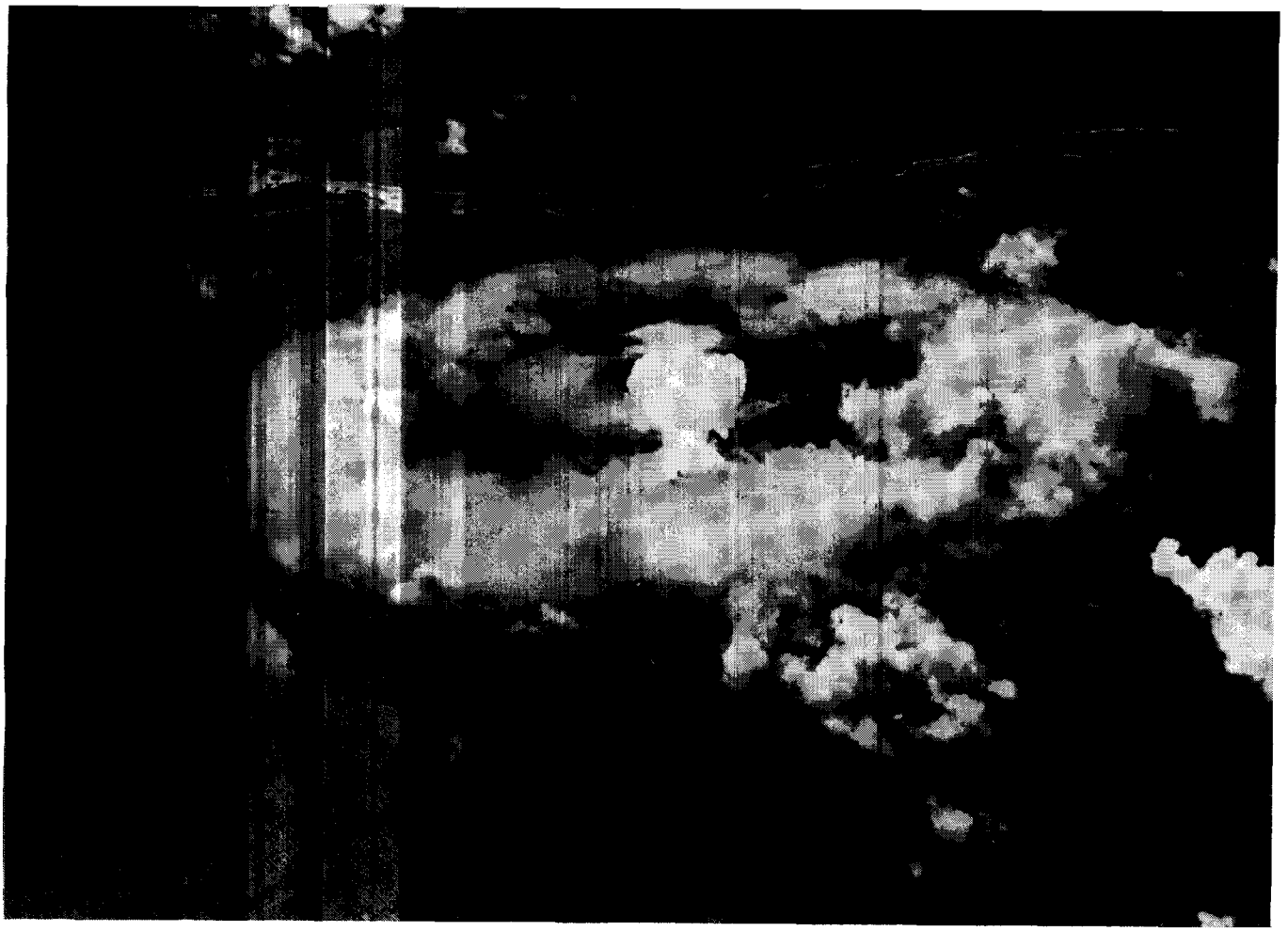

Wide World

One A-Bomb For Civil Defense

Throughout the Second World War, the continental United States remained immune from enemy attack, while our military forces deployed to the far ends of the earth. But across the Atlantic in bomb-spattered Germany, Hitler plotted revenge. Though the fact has never been publicized, he ordered a buzz-bomb attack on New York City. The plan, later revealed to our top Air Force officers, was to launch V-1s from U-boats. V-E Day came before Hitler's dream could be converted to reality.

Had the Nazis bombed our home soil, they would have done only slight damage, for the attack could not have been made in strength. Even so, if New York had been bombed, we would probably now be taking an entirely different, and saner, view of the danger from atomic attack. A single buzz bomb from a German submarine, if armed with an atomic warhead (which the Germans fortunately did not have), would have been—and would be—disastrous. We know that the Soviets have the submarines, the missiles from Peenemünde (Hitler's, now Stalin's, missile-proving ground), the atomic bomb, and a strategic bomber fleet.

Our big trouble in civil defense is that the American people have developed two inconsistent blind spots—one, that it just can't happen here; the other that, if it does, it will be the hydrogen bomb and we can't do anything about it anyway. Both assumptions are dubious; each, in its way, works to hamstring our civil-defense effort.

Official secrecy has resulted in the uninhibited growth of wild stories about the bomb, leading us to the paradoxical twins—alarm and apathy. This secrecy is a two-edged weapon. On one hand it may keep the Soviets in the dark about our latest types of atomic bombs (though this is suspect in in the light of Klaus Fuchs's disclosures as revealed in the current espionage trial in New York), but on the other it most certainly keeps our populace completely in the dark as to the kind of atomic hazard we are most likely to face. Consider, for example, the recent atomic tests in Nevada.

Announcing cryptically that it would test some "nuclear detonations" at Frenchman's Flat, the Atomic Energy Commission proceeded to explode five

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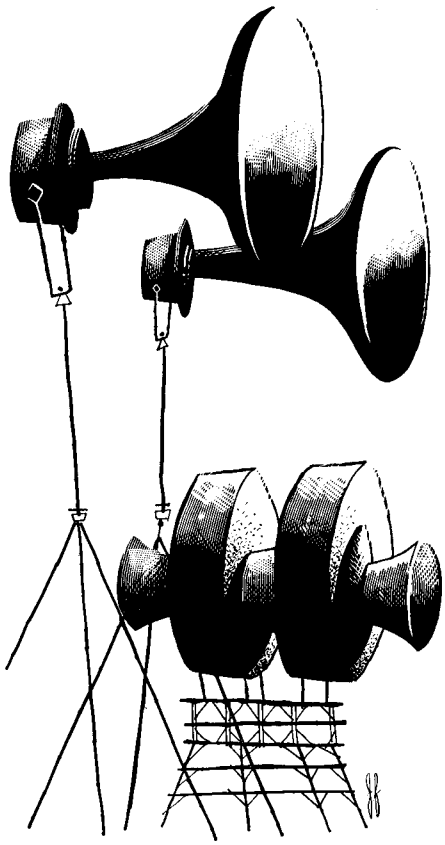


atomic bombs. The blasts rocked Las Vegas, some seventy airline miles away, and dazzling light flashes were seen on the Pacific Coast. Newspaper reporters surveyed window damage in Las Vegas and concluded that the AEC had tested bombs considerably bigger than those seen at Bikini. Civil-defense officials read the newspaper reports with dismay, knowing that the exaggerated stories would slow up their efforts to get local communities rolling on defense against a "nominal" atomic bomb, which is a euphemism for twenty thousand tons of T.N.T., when something bigger was in the offing.

Secrecy shrouded the true nature of the Nevada tests, but the press put forth a sizable flood of speculation. Dr. David Bradley, author of *No Place to Hide,* provided the daily papers with headline fodder by a pseudo-scientific pronouncement that the Nevada bombs "were not simply more efficient uranium bombs but early models of a hydrogen-type bomb." Crawling further on his limb, Dr. Bradley misinterpreted the window breakage in Las Vegas: ". . . this means that the weapon is roughly . . . five hundred times as powerful [as the 1945-model bomb]." Senator Brien McMahon was quick to respond: "It just isn't so." But the harm had been done. Official denial could not erase the public impression that we had tested an H-bomb or the fear that Russia would soon test one, too.

To conclude that it takes an H-bomb to break windows at a distance of seventy miles is a feat requiring a profound ignorance of the facts about high explosives. One has only to dig back through newspaper files to prove the point: On December 6, 1917, the French steamer *Mont Blanc* exploded in Halifax Harbor. Windows were broken sixty-one miles away, and the blast was felt in Newfoundland, 191 miles to the north. Yet the munitions ship carried only 2,800 tons of explosives. This is roughly a seventh the equivalent of the explosion of a nominal atomic bomb.

A score or more of big explosions are on record to substantiate the fact that windows can be broken fifty or more miles away by the detonation of thousand-ton masses of high explosives.

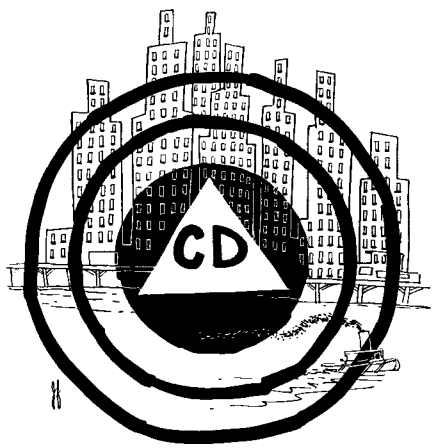
From all of the confusion created by the first series of atomic tests at Frenchman's Flat one thing seems clear. Whether or not an H-bomb was tested, the man in the street has been conditioned to believe that the H-bomb is more than just a remote possibility. Iron-clad security surrounding the present Eniwetok tests will further this notion.

Possibly the public preoccupation with the H-bomb is a manifestation of the American fixation on bigness. Often our penchant for building bigger things is motivated more by the challenge of the task than by the practicability of the end product. In the case of the development of bigger bombs one should examine not only the feasibility of developing the H-bomb but also its military usefulness.

Take, for example, the bombing of a modern American city which we may call Metropolis. It has a population of one million and extends over an area of one hundred square miles. The Nagasaki atomic bomb, equivalent to twenty thousand tons of T.N.T. (called a twenty-kiloton bomb), has a destructive area of eight square miles. Thus it would take a dozen Nagasaki-type bombs to blanket the city. But since 1945 we have had six years of uninterrupted atomic development and have expended some four billion dollars in atomic work. It is only reasonable to suppose that the twenty-kiloton model is now obsolete. Senator Edwin C. Johnson of Colorado has revealed the existence of an atomic bomb six times more powerful, or 120-kiloton. Such a bomb would destroy about thirty square miles, so that it would take about three to saturate Metropolis.

To knock out the entire area of Metropolis with a single bomb would require an 800-kiloton weapon, which would put it in the H-bomb class. This superbomb would be forty times as powerful as the 1945 bomb but it would knock out only twelve times the area. From the standpoint of the destruction of Metropolis it is somewhat academic to distinguish between being hit with one 800-kiloton H-bomb or three 120-kiloton atomic bombs. Larger H-bombs would waste much of their energy uselessly over the countryside. (Anyway, as any bomb, A- or H-, gets bigger, the payoff runs into the law of diminishing returns.) The military may be enchanted with the concept of a thousandfold more powerful H-bomb but they would have a hard time finding many target systems where its full destructive capacity could be exploited.

What applies to the bombing of



Metropolis applies in like measure to a full-scale attack upon a predominantly urban nation. The United States already has the capability of leveling the great bulk of large Soviet cities using atomic bombs. Substitution of H-bombs, should they prove feasible, would mean that fewer bombs would have to be used, but not very many fewer.

Thus is should begin to be evident

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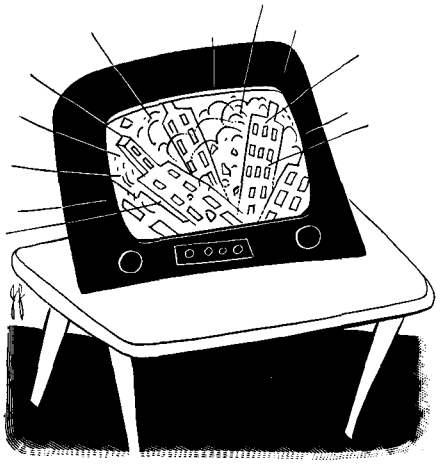
that for our civil-defense purposes we should concentrate our efforts on defense against improved atomic weapons. If this nation has the capacity to make a 120-kiloton atomic bomb, the safe assumption to make is that the Soviets can duplicate this feat.

The only bomb so far mentioned by the Federal government is the 1945



model. In its official handbook on atomic weapons, the AEC describes effects of this "nominal" bomb in exacting detail. What is discomfiting is that in the same handbook one finds a series of curves which allow one to scale up estimated damage—from the 1945 bomb to a two-hundred-kiloton model—but not one word is said about the existence of the latter bombs. If there is to be any sanity to civil defense, the Federal government must somehow spell out to civil-defense leaders just what sort of bomb they will probably have to deal with.

Appalled by the H-bomb on the horizon, our leaders may forget the more immediate threat of the A-bomb just as an airman at Bikini was so awed by an A-bomb in the belly of a B-29 that he backed into the whirling propeller and was killed.

Our civil-defense effort to date has been utterly unrealistic. It should more properly be called disaster drill. City officials have made some paper plans, organized token medical relief, and talked about mutual aid. Some cities, like Chicago, have been subjected to hypothetical bombing, and by some form of idiotic delusion in their paper planning, emerge almost unscratched from the attack. Chicago is especially smug about this. Mayor Martin H. Kennelly has publicly gone on record that Chicago is ready for an atomic-bomb attack.

Such an attack, if made in force, could strike at dozens of our largest cities and produce casualties well over the ten-million mark. Assessment of the effectiveness of civil-defense measures planned to date indicates that the best we could hope for would be a small reduction in casualties. The very magnitude of the casualties is potentially so great that it should force reconsideration of the entire civil-defense structure. Certain cities, of which Milwaukee is an outstanding example, have not been so deluded as Chicago. They have studied the problem carefully and have concluded that drastic approaches must be made. Milwaukee, for example, has prepared an evacuation plan in the event of attack, and has earmarked the 250,000 people who should be the first to leave in an emergency.

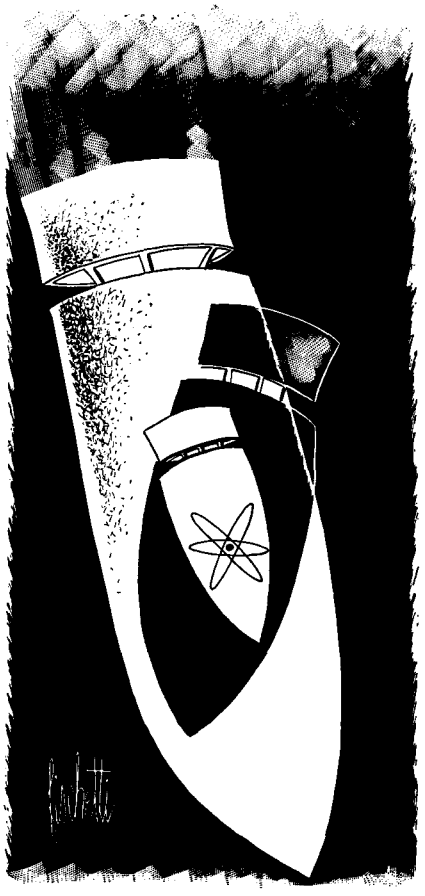
There are very few such cities. The majority have refused to consider evacuation or dispersal. But the fact remains that the surest defense against the bomb is not to be there when it goes off. On a long-time basis this means dispersal, and on a short one, evacuation. Shelter-seeking is a less sure-fire defense, but it is one that must be considered, since there are many people who must stay behind.

It is not the purpose of this report to spell out the recipe for civil defense. If it were, then the whole problem of evacuation and shelter protection would be carefully assayed. They are the only two defensive measures offering much hope on a short-time basis. To date the policies announced by civil-defense officials in Washington reveal an acute myopia in viewing the over-all problem.

Here the writer wishes to make a radical proposal to shock top planners, to awake Mayor Kennelly, and to focus attention on what can be done about an atomic-bomb attack.

This is it: The military, the AEC, and the Federal Civil Defense Administration should team up to stage a civil-defense bomb test somewhere in the continental United States. The public would be invited as observers. Because the attendance would have to be limited, provision would be made to telecast the test to all cities having TV. Complete photographic and newsreel coverage would bring the event to the rest of the nation.

The site would have to be chosen by top officials, but some location such as an isolated coastal sandspit might well be selected. An improved atomic bomb—not necessarily the maximum size—would be mounted atop a high central tower. Around the tower would be grouped representative clusters of modern American buildings and various types of bomb shelters. Civil Defense Administrator Millard F. Caldwell has revealed that the Nevada tests did not include experiments with bomb shelters, and many data are needed to fill in the gaps of technical knowledge about blast resistance of various structures. (Some information useful to civil defense will come as a by-product of Operation GREENHOUSE—the atomic tests at Eniwetok—but this will necessarily be second hand and far removed from the American scene.) Most importantly, a large number of dummies would be distributed in the buildings and on the streets to simulate an inhabited city. Some of the shelters and buildings could be occupied by volunteer observers. Naturally, such ob-



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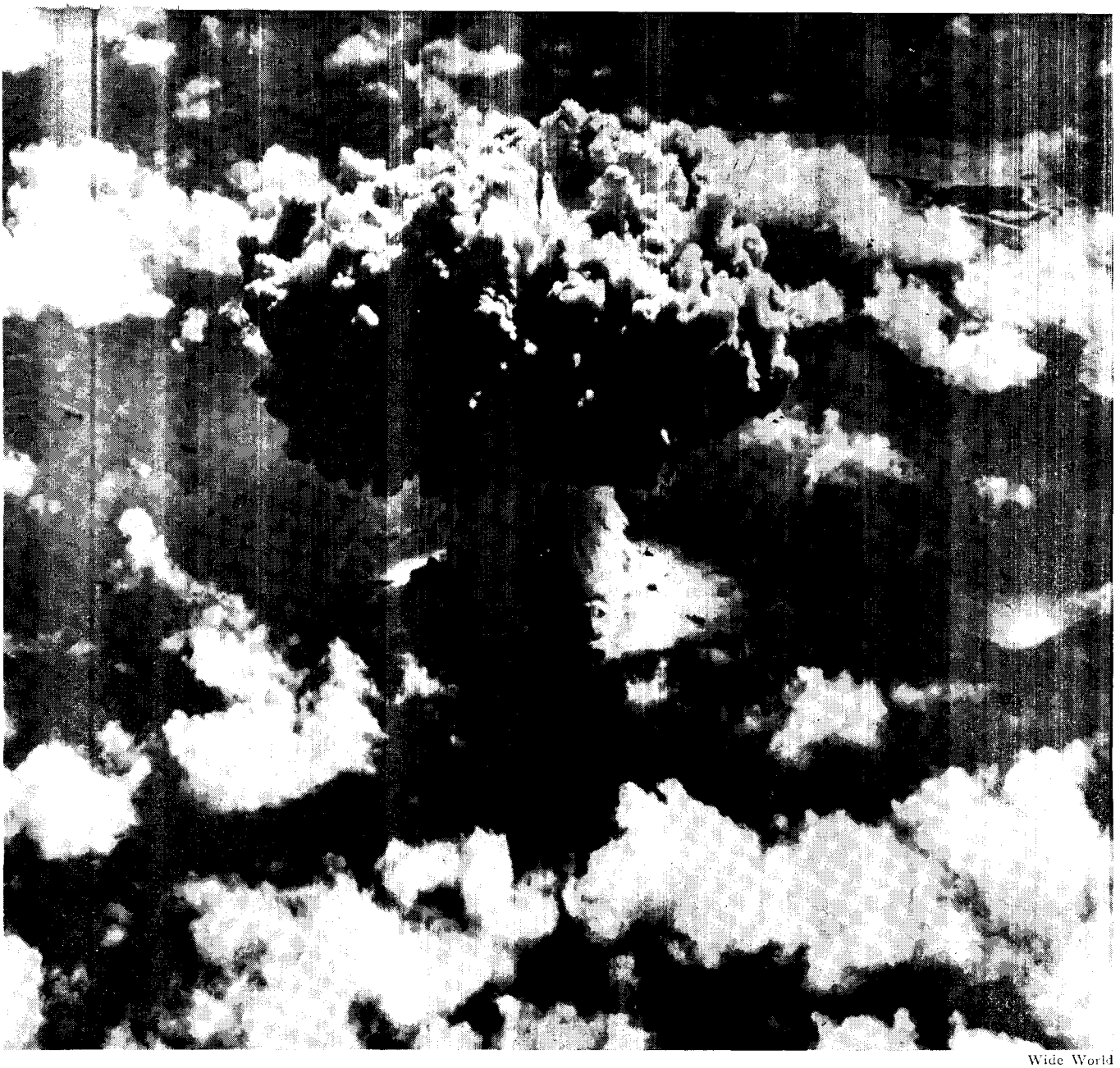

Wide World

servers would occupy positions judged to be safe from bomb effects. The writer hereby volunteers.

Civic leaders could be stationed in concrete revetments a mile or two from the tower. The general public would be deployed at observation sites more remote from the test site. Remote-control TV cameras could be placed close in. After the detonation a survey party could assess the slight residual radioactivity and inspection crews would then evaluate building damage and shelter performance. As soon as possible, the general public would be given escorted tours through sections of the bombed "city." Thereafter, the area could be set aside as a national monument.

By viewing the explosion and by visiting the test site, people could get a first-hand look at bomb damage. Rumors generated at Hiroshima and Bikini could be laid to rest on a "seeing-is-believing" basis. For example, that demon radioactivity could be given a long-needed burial. It would be possible to show Americans that steel-frame and reinforced-concrete buildings withstand even an atomic blast. One could see that shelters would not cave in. In other words, it would become clear that survival is possible.

In the permanent building at the test site, scale models of cities could be made to show how cities can be designed in different shapes to minimize the effects of atomic weapons. One might even make a scale model to simulate the heat effect from an atomic bomb and to test the fire resistance of cities. Thus the area would not only be a test grounds for a bomb burst but a proving ground and possibly a training center for civil defense.

Admittedly such a civil-defense bomb demonstration would be an extreme measure. However, the need for adequate defensive measures is acute, and radical approaches are indicated. Our homeland is now a target for the very weapon we first developed only a few years ago. Should war come to our shores, the city dweller will be in more danger than the soldier at the front. Lack of defense at home would lead to diminished production, which would cut supplies to our military forces—perhaps even stranding some units on foreign soil. This compelling urgency should force us to assign high priority to the protection of our civilian population.

—R. E. LAPP

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'Scott in Thorns'

Fitzgerald as James Thurber remembers him

Thurber: self-portrait from *Newsweek*

As a writer who occasionally does pieces requiring research, I am familiar, on a minor scale, with the kind of problems that must have confronted F. Scott Fitzgerald's biographer when he began, some years ago, to try "to make Scott clear," as Hemingway puts it in one of the notes in Arthur Mizener's *The Far Side of Paradise.* The researcher lives a new life, more complicated than his old one. Interviews with informed sources, male and female, lead to hangover or friendship, both of which take up time; important clippings in scrapbooks have been torn in two by somebody's little niece; the person you most want to talk to is on a West Indies cruise, or hunting in Africa, or mute with laryngitis; the gentleman who gave you the item or anecdote you prize above all others calls up and pleads with you not to use it; the most fascinating notes and letters turn out to be as hard to get your hands on as the private papers of Geoffrey Aspern; and at least one man wants to sock you, and one woman threatens to sue you and your publisher if you mention her—or if you don't.

Mr. Mizener must have gone through a lot of things like this in his long labor of love, but his interest remained remarkably fresh and intense, and I am impressed by that, and by his skillful organization of a mountain of data and details. If there sometimes seems to be almost too much material, so that it becomes hard to tell the facts from the truth, I am sure the author threw out twice as much stuff as he finally included, in a book that is not only biography and criticism but what amounts to an exciting and fast-moving novel about the most colorful and crowded marriage of the Crazy Twenties, a period many of us once prayed we might survive, and to which we would now gladly return, as if it were a warm and serene womb of time. It is this feeling, natural enough in an era of desperation, that probably accounts for the fact that the Mizener book soon began to move like a fictional best seller. People have a nostalgia for a decade in which a man could freely make fun of the kind of Congressman that now scares him to death.

I say "crowded" marriage, because there were four or five Zeldas and at least eight Scotts, so that their living room was forever tense with the presence of a dozen disparate personalities, even when they were alone in it. Some of these Fitzgeralds were characters out of a play or a novel, which made the lives of the multiple pair always theatrical, sometimes unreal, and often badly overacted. They had a flair for destructive wit and exhausting extravaganza, but they were rarely relaxed enough for true comedy or comfortable enough for genuine humor, and they seemed to move dramatically, from the beginning, in settings designed for tragedy. In even their most carefree moments and their most abandoned moods there was scarcely ever, from this book's report, the casual ring of authentic gaiety. The "dead-earnest" husband and the frantic wife, to name only two of them, did not know how to invite gaiety. They twisted its arm, got it down, and sat on its chest.

Mr. Mizener has brought to his study of Fitzgerald the sensibility, taste, and discretion of a devoted admirer, but "to make Scott clear" he had to report, I suppose, many of the old familiar eccentricities and violences of his subject. These stick out like the peaks of icebergs, more startling than significant, indicating, but never fully revealing, the complex, submerged personality that impulsively thrust them into view.

Scott Fitzgerald will be remembered, I am afraid, as The Great Drinker of the Jazz Era, but he was not, I stubbornly insist, a natural alcoholic in the same way, for example, that Joe DiMaggio is a natural ball player. He began to use liquor for posture and gesture, like almost any other writer of the 1920's, but by the time he was forty, he had found or invented ten or twelve reasons for keeping it up. (Most writers have only four or five.) The most persistent of these was that his creative vitality demanded stimulation if it was to continue to operate. His earlier tendency to turn to alcohol because of Zelda's tragedy, his constant financial worries, his conviction that he was a failure, his disillusionment about The Kingdom of the Very Rich, and his sorrow over the swift passing of youth and romantic love was not pathologically compulsive, and I think he could have overcome it. But when Fitzgerald began to drink because he thought he had to, in order to write, he was lost. At the very end, however, he gave it up to work, slowly and painfully but surely and brilliantly, on the novel that many critics believe would have been his finest.

I can think of no genuine alcoholic who could have gone as far as he did and ever have found his way back. To him Ring Lardner was The Great Drinker, and he seemed ruefully surprised that Hemingway insisted on viewing him in the same light. Hemingway once wrote him a letter in which he said, "of course you're a rummy. But you're no more of a rummy

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than Joyce is and most good writers are. . . ." The saga of Fitzgerald's bats and benders runs all through the Mizener book, but I doubt if we know enough about drinking and drinkers to classify or define Fitzgerald with absolute certainty. To prove to myself how hard it is to classify drinkers, I dashed off, one afternoon, my own personal definitions of a few of the more famous categories of bibulous men. Nobody, I imagine, will agree with me, but here they are, anyway.

The Rummy. He has several suits, but always puts the brown one back on when he gets up in the afternoon. (Fitzgerald was neat and fastidious.) He is inclined to be friendly rather than obnoxious, and likes to tell you that he gets more done and feels better than he did in his sober years. He is given to humming.

The Drunk. He is the stranger who annoys your party as you're leaving "21." He has no name. He appears from nowhere and reels off in the direction of nothing. He talks to himself.

The Drunken Bum. Same as The Drunk, except that he asks for money, or falls down, or both. He curses.

The Souse. He drinks the way other men play cards or bet on the horses. He always stands at the bar, and will not sit in a booth. He has the lowdown on everything, and loves to talk about his wife, and sports. The more he drinks the shrewder he becomes, and he is a hard man to roll, to cheat at cards, or to lure into the badger game. He could find his way home blindfolded on the darkest night of the year. He loves to sing in a male quartet.

The Sot. He always sits alone at a table in a corner, doesn't know where he is or who you are, and doesn't want to be told. He has had the prettiest girls and the toughest luck of anybody in the world. He calls everybody Jack. He likes to play one song on the juke box over and over, as many as thirty times.

The Inebriate. He calls The Drunk "My man," and tells him to "be off." He has gray hair, half a dozen topcoats and canes, and a silk hat. He has invented a fancy mixed drink of his own and sticks to it. He likes to tell how he got the better of some eminent official in Washington. He enjoys only classical music.

I met Scott Fitzgerald only once, but it was a long meeting that began at ten o'clock in the evening and lasted until after seven the following morning. I think it was early April, and I know it was 1934, because *Tender Is the Night* was just about to be published, and Zelda was having a show of her paintings in New York, and Mizener's book says that it was held during April of that year. Scott was going on forty then, and my first glimpse of him was

when he stepped up to the bar in Tony's famous kitchen on Fifty-second Street and ordered a drink. The collar of his topcoat was turned up rakishly on one side and his hat, which he kept on, was pulled down jauntily over one eye. It was an almost studied effect, but it was oddly contradicted by Fitzgerald's curious air of self-disapproval. He seemed to stare at himself in the mirror behind the bar as if he were the awkward "peasant" from the Middle West that he used to claim to be when he talked about the Very Rich.

I had always wanted to meet him—most writers of the 1920's had, and still have, a strong affection for F. Scott Fitzgerald, whether they knew him or not. When Tony brought him to where I was sitting, and mumbled my name, Fitzgerald said, flatly, "Why should I talk to you?" I explained that I was a Middle Western writer hammering briskly away in my tiny corner of literature, and he snarled at Tony, "Why don't you get names right?" and sat down. He was, during the next five hours, witty, forlorn, pathetic, romantic, worried, hopeful, and despondent, but the Scott Fitzgerald I met was quiet and pleasant too, and not difficult. When two big guys, not unlike the Killers in Hemingway's story, walked past our table and, as luck would have it, one of them said something disparaging about Ernest, my companion rose dramatically to his feet and said to them, "I am Scott Fitzgerald." Before he could ask them to apologize, they muttered something and walked away. This was as close as he came to the edge of trouble that night, and I should like to report that of the four or five eminent writers of the Crazy Decade with whom I have spent the night hours drinking, Scott was the best behaved, the least menacing, and the quietest, and he held his liquor better than any of the others.

That was just one Scott, on only one night, to be sure, but it is the way I will always think of him. To some of his friends he was "extremely difficult," or "a bad child," but a man I talked to recently said, fondly, "he was a sweet guy." Each of us had his different Scott Fitzgerald. If Zelda had completely recovered in that lovely springtime, and if his novel had been well received by the critics, I think he would never have turned to the destructive drinking of straight gin and might be alive today, writing steadily, and possibly lecturing the rest of us on the advantages of moderation and the inner check. But he never had any luck.

When I mentioned *The Great Gatsby,* which I had read three times and expect to keep on reading, he snapped, "I don't want to talk about that book, I want to talk about my Testament of Faith." By this he meant *Tender Is the Night,* the writing of which had taken a heavy toll of his vitality. He told me that his hostess at a recent party in Virginia had brought him a copy of *The Great Gatsby* and asked him to inscribe it for her. "I will never write my name again in any book except my Testament of Faith," he told her coldly. It was one of those theatrical moments which Fitzgerald, the actor, could bring to such a high and embarrassing point. The situation fortunately had been saved when the lady squealed, "Oh, I surely must have *that* book of yours!" and rushed to her library to ransack its shelves for *Testament of Faith,* by F. Scott Fitzgerald.

He had in his pockets that night at least three dozen of the catalogues of

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Zelda's show, whose most arresting canvas, I found out later, was a sharp, warm, ironic study of her husband's handsome and sensitive profile, which she had called "Scott in Thorns." By midnight I must have had a dozen of these in my own pockets because he kept absently handing them to me. At three o'clock in the morning, the hour he made famous, he suddenly said, "Do you know any good girl we could call on?" I got up and went to the telephone, although I was all for keeping the party stag. The first two good girls I called exclaimed, identically, "You and Scott Fitzgerald both at this hour? You must think I'm crazy." The third good girl I reached was an actress, who had not yet gone to bed, and she said, "Give me half an hour." Thirty minutes later—the drinking gentleman is meticulous in these matters late at night —we arrived at her apartment building and the night elevator man phoned up to say, "Mr. Fitzwater and Mr. Thurman to see you." We were indignant, but we took the gross insult in our dignified stride.

The next few hours were spent in tranquil conversation about a great many things. Most of the time I spent in another room, since it was he who had wanted to talk to a good girl. I understand that this was the year that Fitzgerald made several pathetically futile attempts to interest himself in other women, in an effort to survive the mental and emotional strain of Zelda's recurring psychotic states. In one of the stories that he wrote for the *Saturday Evening Post* later that year, the name of his heroine was the same as that of his hostess of the April morning. But it didn't mean much to him, because all that night Zelda was in his lap, and there were a million miles between him and the good girl who sat only a few feet away.

He was staying at the Algonquin, and he kept forgetting that I had a room there, too. When we drove up in front of the hotel in bright daylight, he got out and said to me, "You don't really belong to my generation and you don't have a daughter." These were two of his great obsessions, and he must not have been listening earlier when I told him my age and talked about my own daughter. "I am less than two years older than you," I told him, "and I have a daughter." He got back in the cab and told the driver to drive around the park. This trip lasted an hour, and we talked about a writer who was much older than either one of us and who didn't have a daughter, the late Ring Lardner, of whom his young friend Scott later said, "He had a face like a cathedral." When I got up late that afternoon, I found that I had at least two dozen catalogues of Zelda's show in my pockets. Later, when I talked to the good girl who had taken us in the night before, she said, "I have about ten catalogues of his wife's show. He kept handing them to me all the time." I keep going back to that night and thinking what a difference a good sale and a favorable critical reception of his novel might have meant to his life. My God, one recent edition of *Tender Is the Night* has sold 300,000 copies already—or is it half a million? He never had any luck.

The sentimental notion, currently so popular, that Fitzgerald's name began to fade in the 1930's and that he was completely lost to literary view after his death, and had to be revived by Mizener and, indirectly, by Budd Schulberg, simply does not stand up under examination. In 1945 Viking brought out *The Portable Fitzgerald* in a series devoted, in large part, to his living contemporaries, and not to resurrected ghosts, and in the same year that fascinating and widely reviewed book about him called *The Crack-Up*, edited by his friend Edmund Wilson, appeared; in 1948 the Columbia Broadcasting System's excellent "Studio One" dramatized *The Last Tycoon* in an hour-long performance that was lovingly done, excited much comment, and showed the strength and fineness of this unfinished book; and in the summer of 1949 the latest Hollywood remake of *The Great Gatsby* opened in New York. Malcolm Cowley and Alfred Kazin and a dozen other critics had been exploring and re-exploring Fitzgerald well before the so-called "revival," and there were countless other signs that he had not fallen into precocious neglect. For one thing, his name has remained bright and constant in the writings and conversations of American writers who can forget a man quickly enough when his time has come.

Much is now being made of the fact that *Tender Is the Night* sold only thirteen thousand copies. It so happened that Fitzgerald's books never were runaway best sellers, and Mizener notes that even *This Side of Paradise* had a remarkably moderate success for so famous a novel. It sold only about fifty thousand copies in three years. The infinitely better and far more

Fitzgerald's world 'to which we would now gladly return, as if it were a warm and serene womb of time'

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readable *Gatsby* did not reach thirty thousand in its first twelve months, four years before the depression. A fair analysis of the comparative sales of *Tender Is the Night* would have to take into consideration the taste of the American reading public in 1934. I can't go into this in any great detail, but it is interesting to point out that two tremendous sellers of that year and the year before, *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* and *Anthony Adverse,* were well at the top of the list.

It is true that the critical reception of *Tender Is the Night* profoundly depressed its author, but many critics who reviewed it unfavorably have since revised their estimates upward, and Hemingway, on whose judgment Fitzgerald greatly depended, said in 1935 that the book seemed much better to him than it had when he first read it. As for all the talk about Fitzgerald's books having been out of print when he died in 1940, it should be remembered that this was a good six years after the publication of his last novel. Even the most popular books do not have a way of staying in print very long in a country of fickle and restless tastes that goes in for the Book of the Month, the Man of the Year, and the Song of the Week.

The good and simple truth is that Fitzgerald never disappeared into a lonely literary limbo. I am sorry if this fact disturbs the dreams of the careless romantics who like to believe that a quiet oblivion somehow sweetly suits the short, unhappy life of the "Symbol of the Twenties."

The stature of the writing Fitzgerald, the best of all the Fitzgeralds, has undergone many distortions, from emotional magnification to the sort of cold mental dissection that misses or minimizes his warm understanding, his indestructible honesty, the fine perception that always, in the end, saw through the illusions that plagued him, the charm of his "jeweled prose," and the literary grace and artistic soundness that were born in him. He thought of his talent as something that could be lost, like his watch, or mislaid, like his hat, or slowly depleted, like his bank account, but in his last year there it still was, perhaps surer and more mature than it had ever been. This is a happy thing to remember.

—James Thurber

Mood of the Midwest

One correspondent hears the voices of disunity and confusion rising

In Fremont, Ohio, a few weeks ago, the program director of radio station WFRO asked seven housewives to take part in a series of broadcasts on peace. There was a time when the subject would have seemed innocent enough. But in 1951, Fremont, a town of fifteen thousand notable chiefly as the home of President Rutherford B. Hayes, found it too hot to handle.

The woman assigned to organize the program, Mrs. Harry Barnard, a newspaperman's wife, has no political affiliations; in lining up speakers her only intention, as she put it, was "to voice the appeal of a mother and housewife for peace in our world today." But before she got properly started, she ran into opposition.

It came from Warren T. Curtis, Fremont's civil-defense director. As he understood it, the programs were to advocate "peace at any cost," which sounded to him like "appeasement of our enemies." He announced his disapproval of the project, because he said civil defense did not want anything to "divide community thinking."

Nobody ever explained how the civil-defense director (who is also chairman of the local American Legion Americanism committee) had worked into the position of Fremont's director of thought control, but Mrs. Barnard's programs never went on the air. "Something akin to the police state," the Toledo *Times* commented, "has bobbed up in Fremont."

The incident was one clue to the Middle West's mood in the early months of 1951. Some said the Middle West was on the way back to its old moorings of comfortable isolationism. The Chicago *Tribune* preached that gospel, which is the one closest to its heart, with fresh zeal. Senator Taft produced a new, slightly revised version of it. Herbert Hoover told the Middle West what it wanted to hear: that security can be bought cheaply, without drafting too many boys, because we have a hemispheric Gibraltar.

But in the Middle West, as elsewhere, there is no single body of opinion. Every point of view has its adherents, and there is constant shifting from one to another. The Midwest has its preventive-war advocates and its absolute pacifists. It has a sizable but now nearly silent group of "old internationalists" who think we can and must get along with Russia by negotiation. It has a great many preparedness advocates; a great many converts to collective security, who genuinely hope that the United Nations will somehow open a new era of co-operative peace; and, of course, the inevitable complement of unreconstructed nationalists and imperialists.

The conclusions and opinions in this report are based on the attitudes of the very sizable number of Middle Westerners this correspondent talked to in the past couple of months who were confused, resentful of the casualties in Korea, puzzled and frightened by a remote and mysterious war, disillusioned with the United Nations, scared of Russia, fed up with Britain and India. But these emotions did not, after all, fall into the easy category of isolationism. The State Department, organizing "opinion-leader" discussions to combat the new turn in foreign-policy sentiment, was wrong if it assumed that this was the battle of the 1930's over again.

That the Midwest was unhappy over foreign policy was plain enough. But few Middle Westerners thought the country could retreat into a shell or do without friends overseas. What

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seemed to have happened was that for the first time the people had come face to face with the full consequences of the Truman Doctrine. Containment had once been a word, a nebulous feeling that Communism could be stopped (as the Truman Administration kept implying) merely by spending American money and perhaps other people's lives. Now it was clear that containment meant the expenditure of American lives.

The people groused, grumbled, and wrote letters to the newspapers. (*Dear Editor: As the mother of a boy about to be sent to the Korea battlefront I ask why others seem so indifferent at the news that 3,500 boys are being hurried to MacArthur. I am powerless to stop this war but I believe that great wrong is being done. So this is freedom!*)

If Taft-McCarthyism is gaining ground in the Midwest, a major cause is the default of Administration leadership. Mr. Truman and Acheson fought back when the Republicans assailed their Americanism—and then adopted the Republicans' policy. The Midwest has no special affinity for Chiang Kai-shek; before Korea it might have supported a strong policy designed to disengage American interests from identification with the Formosa exile. The Administration let the moment go by, and today a great many Midwesterners cannot understand why we do not put Chiang back in business on the Chinese mainland.

As for Europe, the majority undoubtedly support an American troop commitment on the continent, and would not insist on fixing hard-and-fast limits to the size of the commitment. But they sympathize with Taft's demand for a Congressional voice in the decision because of a widely felt distrust of the Administration. They remember that when the North Atlantic Treaty was ratified they were told that no American forces would be required. Now that they are required, the suspicion arises that somebody sold somebody a bill of goods.

Basically, the distrust of the Administration can be traced to a distrust of Mr. Truman. Some Middle Westerners seize with joy the convenient scapegoat offered them by McCarthy—the idea that all their troubles can be laid to Communists and fellow travelers in the government—but more are concerned by Mr. Truman's shortcomings as a leader in times of crisis. His letter writing and his outbursts of public temper have done him no good. His "tetchiness" might be condoned in times of less anxiety, but not now. With all his fundamental earnestness and all the allowances people are ready to make for the burdens he carries, he fails to persuade them that he knows where he is going. The negativism of a policy that devotes itself so largely to countering the moves of the Kremlin, the absence of inspired purpose, the feeling that no basic philosophy underlies Mr. Truman's day-to-day actions—these elements work against his ability to rally the people.

One can respond to great objectives only when he feels that the objectives are truly great. Many a Midwesterner is afraid that somehow Mr. Truman has got the country into a situation leading to no plausible end except the dreaded general war. Missourians who knew him when Tom Pendergast was starting him on his career are likely to ask themselves: Who is Harry Truman to be asking for blood, sweat, and tears? (*Dear Editor: Truman, who has the easiest job in the world, spending other people's money, is too reckless, even to the point of daring Congress to save a dime.*)

In Rolla, Missouri, the *Daily News* asked its readers to answer eighteen questions on the crisis. They were about three to two in favor of withdrawing

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from Korea. A similar majority wanted to kick Russia out of the U.N.; a bigger majority opposed seating Communist China. Asked whether foreign nations should supply the bulk of troops for a U.N. army, 243 replied "Yes" and 48 "No."

Yet confusion over the Korean War did not extend to Gibraltarism. To the question "Should we send American troops to Europe?" 171 answered "Yes" and 117 "No." "Should we continue to send substantial aid to foreign countries?"—162 "Yes," 126 "No." "Should we simply defend our sea bases with air and sea power, and keep our armies out of foreign countries?"—126 "Yes," 171 "No."

Of one thing Rolla was fairly certain: There should be a tremendous national effort for armament and inflation control. For all-out war preparation, for higher taxes, for price and wage controls the majorities were substantial. Everybody favored unity—and there had seldom been so much disunity.

City people looked at the steadily rising price of food, and suspected that the farmer was making a killing behind the privileged sanctuary of parity. Union members watched big business run mobilization, and feared that the freeze was going to end with wages. When the Treasury's first-bite tax program came out, calling for a flat-rate increase in all brackets, it slowly dawned on middle-income people that under this program they would be paying more taxes than they paid in 1946 and 1947, whereas the lucky dogs who earned above fifteen thousand dollars a year would be paying less.

The divisive elements implicit in any period of national sacrifice lurked just beneath the surface, untamed by the unifying appeals of all-out war and reinforced by a pervasive cynicism. Noting that prices had not been frozen until they reached the highest levels on record, consumers looked on Michael V. DiSalle and Eric Johnston with jaundiced contempt. (*Dear Editor: Price control—what a joke! Why don't they let some high-school boy handle price control, they could do as good as what we have.*)

Almost nobody likes the draft of eighteen-year-olds. (*Dear Editor: The arguments for drafting eighteen-year-olds seem to me to be based on short-sighted expediency, fright, and unconvincing statistics. The likely long-range effect will be a recurring wave of weakened, cynical, and unstable citizenship running decades into the future.*)

Families with sons in Korea and wives whose reservist husbands had been called back for their second war deeply felt that the sacrifices to which all had been exhorted were being unevenly distributed. Yes, the citizen was ready for a national effort, but he was not at all sure about his neighbor. (*Dear Editor: This disastrous war could have been prevented if President Truman and his State Department had exercised greater prudence and assisted the U.N. in accomplishing a peaceful solution of Korean squabbles. But the President's fears and emotions prevailed over his intelligence again.*)

What did it all add up to? Not isolationism—at least not yet. One St. Louis businessman, listening to a State Department official describe the need for a program of bristling armaments and cold war for as long as "ten or twenty years," put it bluntly: "The people out here just will not carry a load of that sort for ten or twenty years. You may want them to, and it may be necessary, but they are not going to do it."

This, perhaps, was an attitude the national leadership had left out of the reckoning. It was, of course, true that many people had to be scared into supporting heavy overseas expenditures by shaking the hammer and sickle at them, but the country had gone from one scare to another—always with the Kremlin's kind co-operation — and some felt that possibly Washington wanted the condition to become permanent. On the assumption that no peace could be established with the Soviet Union until the West had achieved an overwhelming superiority of power, the Administration had embarked on a program that might be bucked through Congress for one year or two, but what about long-range public support? What would happen if there were a day of revulsion? A switch to isolationism of a more virulent kind than had yet been seen? An overpowering urge to end the tension by using the weapons bought so dearly?

Fundamentally, the Midwest's reactions to the crisis may not differ much from any other section's. People in the Central States read the same news services, hear the same commentators, listen to the same speeches as anybody else. Their inland location gives them a certain detachment. The war scares do not flame quite as intensely along the Mississippi as on the coasts; people are not swept along quite so completely on the tides of official opinion as in Washington. Tradition also plays a part in shaping current attitudes. Because Middle Western politicians have usually been isolationists, an anti-Truman politician today tends to think first in isolationist terms. Senator Wherry of Nebraska in a sense follows in the footsteps of Senator Norris. But Norris, an isolationist in the First World War, had become an interventionist by the Second, and thousands of Midwesterners who lagged behind him then have caught up by now.

Wherry speaks for the Middle West not primarily as an isolationist but as an Old Guard enemy of New Deal, Fair Deal, F.D.R., and H.S.T. He speaks the language of isolationism, but in fact a family with a son in Korea or Germany does not look on the world in those terms. Taft spoke for the Middle West as well as anybody when his initial opposition to an American troop commitment in Europe gradually simmered down to a quibble over the precise number of troops to be sent.

What the Midwest's final position will be is still unresolved. The answer will depend, no doubt, on the choices open when choices are made. As things were going in the Middle West early this year, public opposition to the Truman Administration seemed to be building up almost to the point where it might soon accept any alternative presented, simply because the only way to express a variety of discontents would be by voting the ins out. The incalculable power to shape and direct and lead public opinion would thus be transferred to whoever was in position to receive it. If that proved to be Taft in alliance with McCarthy, then Taft and McCarthy would become major factors in determining future Middle Western attitudes—and people in towns like Fremont, Ohio, could expect civil-defense directors to take an even sharper interest in maintaining the solidarity of "community thinking."

—Robert Lasch

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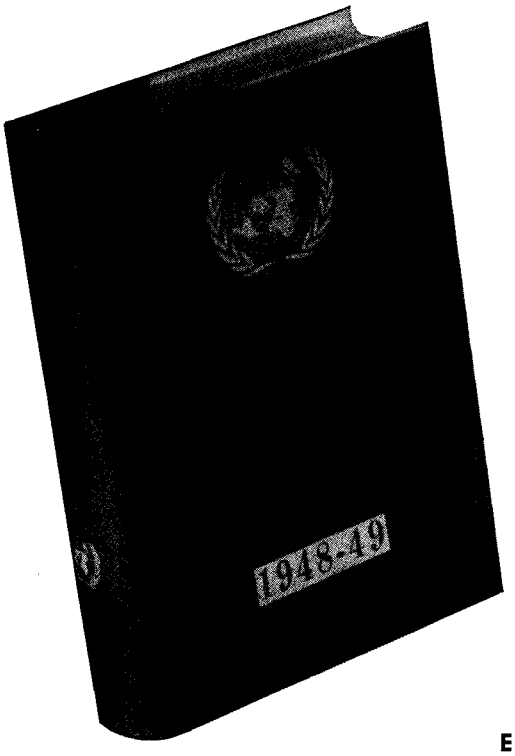

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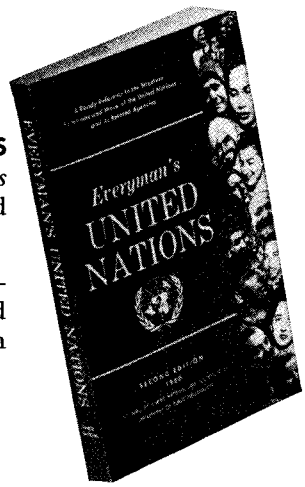

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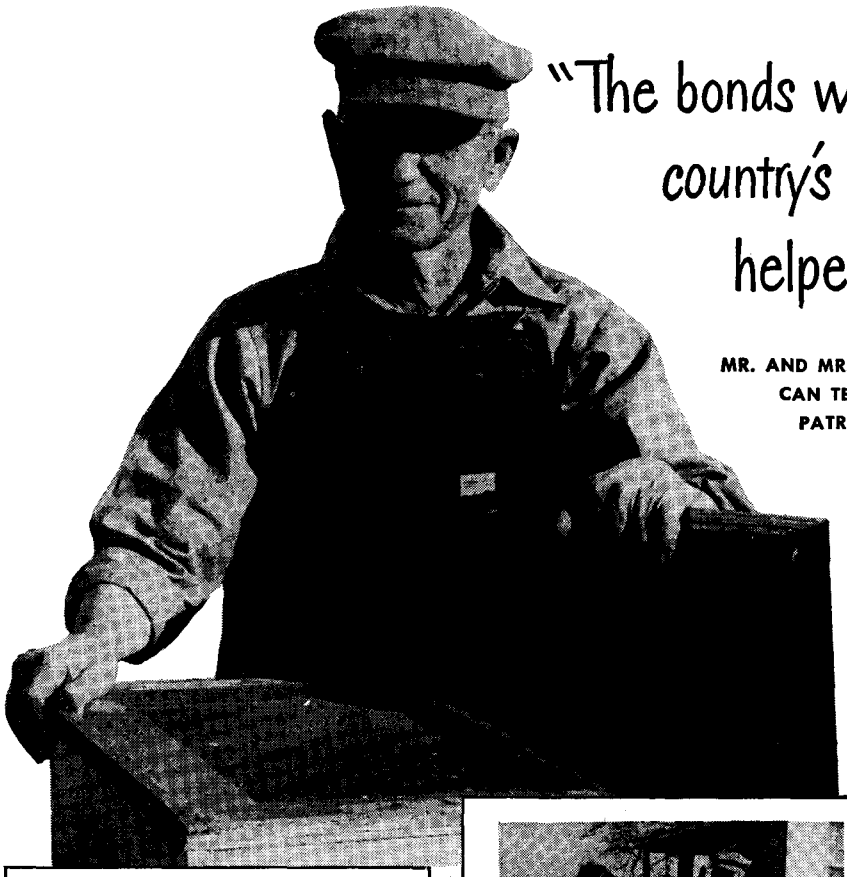

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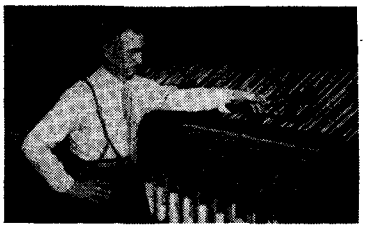

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